HUDIBRAS.

The Second PART.

By the Author of the FIRST.

Corrected and Amended,

With Several

Additions & Annotations.

LONDON:

Printed for *R. Chiſwel*, *G. Sawbridge*; *R. Wellington*, and *G. Wells*, 1709

BRITISH MUSEUM

The Second PART of
HUDIBRAS.

The ARGUMENT of the FIRST *CANTO.*

The Knight, by Damnable Magician,
Being caſt illegally in Priſon;
Love *brings his Action on the Caſe,*
And lays it upon Hudibras.
How he receives the Ladies viſit,
And cunningly ſollicites his ſute,
Which ſhe defers; yet on Parole,
Redeems him from th' inchanted Hole.

CANTO I

BUT now, t' obſerve *Romantick* method
Let bloody Steel a while be ſheathed;
And all thoſe harſh and rugged Sounds
Of Baſtinado's, Cuts, and Wounds,

Exchang'd to Love's more gentle ſtyle,
To let our Reader breath a while:
In which that we may be as brief as
Is poſſible, by way of *Preface*,
Is't not enough to make one ſtrange,
That ſome Mens Fancies ſhould ne'er change,
But make all People do and ſay
The ſame things ſtill the ſelf-ſame Way?
Some Writers make all *Ladies* purloin'd,
And *Knights* purſuing like a Whirlwind:
Others make all their *Knights* in Fits
Of Jealouſie to loſe their Wits;
Till drawing Blood o' th' Dames, like Witches,
Th' are forthwith cur'd of their Capriches.
Some always thrive in their *Amours*,
By pulling Plaiſters off their Sores;
As Cripples do to get an Alms,
Juſt ſo do they, and win their Dames.
Some Force whole Regions in deſpight
Of *Geography* to change their ſite:
Make former times ſhake Hands with latter,
And that which was before, come after.

But

But thoſe that write in *Rhime*, ſtill make
The one *Verſe* for the other's ſake;
For, one for *Senſe* and one for *Rhime*,
I think's ſufficient at one time.
But we fogret in what ſad plight
We whilom left the Captiv'd *Knight*
And penſive *Squire*, both bruis'd in Body,
And conjur'd into ſafe Cuſtody:
Tyr'd with Diſpute, and ſpeaking *Latin*,
As well as Baſting, and *Bear-baiting*,
And deſperate of any courſe,
To free himſelf by Wit or Force;
His only Solace was, that now
His Dog-bolt Fortune was ſo low,
That either it muſt quickly end,
Or turn about again, and mend:
In which he found th' Event, no leſs
Than other times, beſides his gueſs.
There is a tall long-ſided Dame,
(But wond'rous-light) ycleped *Fame*,
That like a thin *Camelion* boards
Her ſelf on Air, and eats her words:

Upon her Shoulders Wings she wears,
Like hanging-sleeves, lin'd through with Ears,
And Eyes, and Tongues, as Poets list,
Made good by deep *Mythologist*.
With these she through the Welkin flies,
And sometimes carries *Truth*, oft *Lyes*;
With Letters hung like *Eastern* Pigeons,
And *Mercuries* of farthest Regions;
Diurnals writ for Regulation
Of Lying, to inform the Nation;
And by their Publick use to bring down
The rate of *Whetstones* in the Kingdom:
About her Neck a Packquet-*Male*,
Fraught with Advice, some fresh, some stale,
Of Men that walk'd when they were dead,
And *Cows* of *Monsters* brought to Bed;
Of *Hailstones* big as *Pullets* Eggs,
And Puppies Whelp'd with twice two Legs;
A *Blazing-Star* seen in the *West*,
By six or seven Men at least:
Two Trumpets she does sound at once,
But both of clean contrary Tones,

But

But whether both with the ſame Wind,
Or one before, and one behind,
We know not, only this can tell,
The one ſounds vilely, th' other well;
And therefore vulgar *Authors* name
The one Good, t' other Evil *Fame.*
This twatling *Goſſip* knew too well,
What miſchief *Hudibras* befel;
And ſtreight the ſpightful tidings bears
Of all, to th' unkind Widow's Ears.
Democritus ne'er laugh'd ſo loud,
To ſee *Bawds* carted through the crowd
Or Funerals with ſtately Pomp,
March ſlowly on in ſolemn Dump,
As ſhe laugh'd out, until her back,
As well as ſides, was like to crack.
She vow'd ſhe wou'd go ſee the fight,
And viſit the diſtreſſed *Knight.*
To do the Office of a Neighbour,
And be a *Goſſip* at his labour:
And from his wooden Gaol, the Stocks,
To ſet at large his Fetter'd-Locks,

And by Exchange, Parole, or Ranſom,
To free him from th' Enchanted Manſion;
This b'ing reſolv'd, ſhe call'd for Hood
And Uſher, Impliments Abroad
Which *Ladies* wear, beſide a ſlender
Young waiting *Damſel* to attend her.
All which appearing, on ſhe went,
To find the *Knight* in *Limbo* pent.
And 'twas not long before ſhe found
Him, and his ſtout *Squire* in the Pound;
Both coupled in Enchanted Tether
By farther Leg behind together:
For as he ſat upon his Rump,
His Head, like one in doleful dump,
Between his Knees, his Hands apply'd
Unto his Ears on either ſide;
And by him, in another Hole,
Afflicted *Ralpho*, Cheek by Joul;
She came upon him in his Wooden
Magician's Circle on the ſudden,
As *Spirits* do t' a Conjurer,
When in their dreadful ſhapes th' appear.

No

No ſooner did the *Knight* perceive her,
But ſtreight he fell into a Fever,
Inflam'd all over with Diſgrace,
To be ſeen by her in ſuch a Place;
Which made him hang his Head, and ſcoul,
And wink and goggle like an Owl.
He felt his Brains begin to ſwim,
When thus the Dame accoſted him.

This Place (quoth ſhe) they ſay's Enchanted,
And with *Delinquent Spirits* haunted,
That here are ty'd in Chains, and ſcourg'd,
Until their guilty Crimes be purg'd:
Look, there are two of them appear,
Like Perſons I have ſeen ſomewhere:
Some have miſtaken Blocks and Poſts
For *Spectres*, *Apparitions*, *Ghoſts*,
With Sawcer-Eyes, and Horns, and ſome
Have heard the Devil beat a Drum:
But if our Eyes are not falſe Glaſſes,
That give a wrong Account of Faces;
That *Beard* and I ſhould be acquainted,
Before 'twas Conjur'd and Enchanted;

For

For tho' it be disfigur'd somewhat,
As if t'had lately been in Combat,
It did belong t' a worthy *Knight*,
Howe'er this *Goblin* is come by't.
When *Hudibras* the *Lady* heard
Discoursing thus upon his *Beard*,
And speak with such Respect and Honour,
Both of the *Beard*, and the *Beard's* Owner,
He thought it best to set as good
A Face upon it as he cou'd,
And thus he spoke: Lady, Your Bright
And radiant Eyes are in the Right;
The *Beard's* th' Identick *Beard* you knew,
The same numerically true:
Nor is it worn by Fiend or Elf,
But its Proprietor himself.
Oh Heavens! quoth she, can that be true?
I do begin to fear 'tis you;
Not by your individual Whiskers,
But by your Dialect and Discourse,
That never spoke to Man or Beast
In Notions vulgarly expresst.

But

But what malignan Star, alas!
Has brought you both to this ſad paſs?

Quoth he, The fortune of the War
Which I am leſs afflicted for,
Than to be ſeen with *Beard* and *Face*
By you in ſuch a homely caſe.

Quoth ſhe, thoſe need not be aſham'd,
For being honourably maim'd;
If he that is in Battle Conquer'd,
Have any Title to his own *Beard*,
Though yours be ſorely lugg'd and torn,
It does your Viſage more adorn,
Than if 'twere prun'd, and ſtarcht, and lander'd,
And cut ſquare by the *Ruſſian* Standard.
A torn *Beard*'s like a tatter'd Enſign,
That's braveſt which there are moſt Rents in.
That Petticoat about your Shoulders
Does not ſo well become a Soldier's,
And I'm afraid they are worſe handled,
Although i' th' Rear, your *Beard* the Van lead;
And thoſe uneaſie Bruiſes make
My heart for Company to ake,

To ſee ſo Worſhipfull a Friend
I' th' Pill'ry ſet at the wrong End.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This Thing call'd *Pain*,
Is (as the Learned *Stoicks* maintain)
Not bad *ſimpliciter*, nor good,
But meerly as 'tis underſtood.
Senſe is deceitful, and may feign,
As well in Counterfeiting Pain
As other groſs *Phænomena's*,
In which it oft miſtakes the Caſe;
But ſince th' Immortal Intellect
(That's free from Errour and Defect,
Whoſe Objects ſtill perſiſt the ſame)
Is free from outward Bruiſe or Maim,
Which nought external can expoſe
To groſs material Bangs or Blows;
It follows we can ne'er be ſure,
Whether we Pain or not endure;
And juſt ſo far are ſore and griev'd,
As by the Fancy is believ'd:
Some have been wounded with Conceit,
And dy'd of meer Opinion ſtreight;

Others

Others, though wounded ſore in Reaſon,
Felt no Contuſion, nor Diſcretion.
A *Saxon* Duke did grow ſo fat,
That *Mice* (as Hiſtories relate)
Eat Grots and Labyrinths, to dwell in
His Poſtick parts without his feeling;
Then how is't poſſible a Kick
Shou'd e'er reach that way to the quick?
Quoth ſhe, I grant it is in vain
For one that's baſted to feel pain,
Becauſe the *Pangs* his Bones endure
Contribute nothing to the Cure;
Yet *Honour* hurt, is wont to rage
With *Pain* no Med'cine can aſſwage.
Quoth he, That *Honour*'s very ſqueamiſh,
That takes a Baſting for a Blemiſh:
For what's more hon'rable than *Scars*,
Or Skin to Tatters rent in *Wars*?
Some have been beaten till they know
What Wood a *Cudgel*'s of by th' Blow;
Some kick'd until they can feel whether
A Shoe be *Spaniſh* or *Neat*'s Leather;

And

And yet have met, after long running, (ning.
With ſome whom they have taught that cun-
The fartheſt way about, t' o'ercome,
I'th' end does prove the neareſt home;
By *Laws* of learned *Duelliſts*,
They that are bruis'd with *Wood*, or *Fiſts*,
And think one beating may for once
Suffice, are *Cowards*, and *Pultroons*:
But if they dare engage t' a ſecond,
They're *Stout* and *Gallant* Fellows reckon'd.
Th' old *Romans* freedom did beſtow,
Our *Princes* Worſhip, with a Blow;
King *Pyrrhus* cur'd his ſplenetick
And teſty Courtiers with a Kick.
The *Negus*, when ſome mighty *Lord*
Or *Potentate*'s to be reſtor'd,
And Pardon'd for ſome great Offence
With which he's willing to diſpenſe;
Firſt has him laid upon his *Belly*,
Then beaten *back* and *ſide*, t' a *Jelly*;
That done, he riſes, humbly bows;
And gives thanks for the Princely blows;

Departs

Departs not meanly proud, and boaſting
Of his Magnificent *Rib-roaſting*.
The beaten *Soldier* proves moſt manful,
That, like his *Sword*, endures the *Anvile*,
And juſtly's held more formidable,
The more his Valour's malleable;
But he that fears a *Baſtinado*,
Will run away from his own ſhadow:
And though I'm now in *durance* faſt,
By our own *Party* baſely caſt,
Ranſome, *Exchange*, *Parole*, refus'd,
And worſe than by the *Enemy* us'd;
In cloſe *Cataſta* ſhut, paſt hope
Of *Wit*, or *Valour*, to elope:
As *Beards*, the nearer that they tend
To th' *Earth*, ſtill grow more reverend:
And *Cannons* ſhoot the higher pitches,
The lower we let down their *Breeches*:
I'll make this low dejected *Fate*
Advance me to a greater height.
Quoth ſhe, Y' have almoſt made m' in Love
With that which did my pity move,

Great

Great *Wits* and *Valours*, like great *States*,
Do ſometimes Sink with their own Weights:
Th' Extream, of *Glory*, and of *Shame*,
Like *Eaſt* and *Weſt* become the ſame:
No *Indian Prince* has to his *Palace*
More follow'rs than a Thief to th' *Gallows*.
But if a *Beating* ſeem ſo brave,
What *Glories* muſt a *Whipping* have?
Such great *Atchievments* cannot fail
To caſt Salt on a *Woman*'s Tail;
For if I thought your *Nat'ral Talent*
Of *Paſſive Courage* were ſo gallant
As you ſtrain hard to have it thought,
I cou'd grow *Amorous*, and *Dote*.

When *Hudibras* this Language heard,
He prick'd up's Ears, and ſtroak'd his *Beard*,
Thought he, This is the *Lucky Hour*,
Wines Work when *Vines* are in the Flower;
This *Criſis* then I'll ſet my reſt on,
And put her boldly to the *Queſtion*.

Madam, What you wou'd ſeem to doubt,
Shall be to all the World made out;

How

How I've been *Drubb'd*, and with what *Spiri*
And *Magnanimity* I bear it;
And if you doubt it to be true,
I'll ſtake my ſelf down againſt you:
And if I fail in *Love* or *Troth*,
Be you the *Winner*, and take both.
Quoth She, I've heard old cunning *Stag*
Say, Fools for *Argument* uſe Wagers;
And though I prais'd your *Valour*, yet
I did not mean to baulk your *Wit*;
Which if you have, you muſt needs know
What I have told you before now,
And you b' Experiment have prov'd
I cannot *Love* where I'm *belov'd*,
Quoth *Hudibras*, 'tis a *Caprich*
Beyond th' infliction of a *Witch*;
So Cheats to play with thoſe ſtill aim
That do not underſtand the Game.
Love in your heart as idly burns
As Fire in Antique *Roman* Urns,
To warm the *Dead*, and vainly light
Thoſe only that ſee nothing by't.

Have you not Pow'r to *entertain*,
And render *Love* for *Love* again;
As *no Man* can draw in his *Breath*
At once, and force out *Air* beneath?
Or do you love your ſelf ſo much,
To bear all *Rivals* elſe a Grutch?
What *Fate* can lay a greater Curſe
Than you upon your ſelf would force?
For *Wedlock* without *Love*, ſome ſay,
Is but a *Lock* without a *Key*.
It is a kind of *Rape* to *Marry*
One that neglects, or cares not for ye:
For what does make it *Raviſhment*,
But b'ing againſt the *Mind's Conſent*?
A *Rape* that is the more inhumane
For being acted by a *Woman*.
Why are you *fair*, but to entice us
To *Love* you, that you may deſpiſe us?
But though you cannot *Love*, you ſay,
Out of your own *Fanatick* way,
Why ſhould you not, at leaſt allow
Thoſe that *Love* you to do ſo too?

For,

For, as you fly me, and purſue
Love more averſe, ſo I do you;
And am by your own *Doctrine* taught
To practiſe what you call a *Fault*.
Quoth ſhe, If what you ſay be true,
You muſt fly me, as I do you;
But 'tis not what we do, but ſay,
In *Love* and *Preaching*, that muſt ſway.
Quoth he, To bid me not to *Love*,
Is to forbid my *Pulſe* to move,
My *Beard* to grow, my *Ears* to prick up,
Or (when I'm in a fit) to hickup:
Command me to piſs out the Moon,
And 'twill as eaſily be done.
Love's Power's too great to be withſtood
By feeble humane *Fleſh* and *Blood*.
'Twas he that brought upon his knees
The *Hect'ring* Kill-Cow *Hercules*;
Transform'd his *Leager-lion*'s skin
T'a *Petticoat*, and made him ſpin;
Seiz'd on his *Club*, and made it dwindle
T' a feeble *Diſtaff*, and a *Spindle*:

'Twas he that made *Emperors* Gallants
To their own *Sisters*, and their *Aunts*;
Set *Popes* and *Cardinals* agog,
To play with *Pages* at Leap-frog:
'Twas he that gave our *Senate* purges,
And fluxt the *House* of many a *Burgess*;
Made those that represent the *Nation*
Submit, and suffer *Amputation*,
And all the *Grandees* of th' *Cabal*
Adjourn to *Tubs*, at *Spring* and *Fall*.
He mounted *Synod-Men* and rode 'em
To *Durty-Lane*, and *Little Sodom*;
Made 'em Corvet, like *Spanish* Jenets,
And take the Ring at Madam----
'Twas he that made *Saint Francis* do
More than the Devil cou'd tempt him to,
In cold and frosty Weather grow
Enamour'd of a Wife of *Snow*;
And though she were of *Rigid* Temper,
With melting *Flames* accost and tempt her;
Which after in *Enjoyment* quenching,
He hung a *Garland* on his *Engine*.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, if *Love* have theſe Effects,
Why is it not forbid our *Sex*?
Why is't not damn'd, and interdicted
For *Diabolical* and Wicked?
And Sung, as out of Tune, againſt,
As *Turk* and *Pope* are by the Saints?
I find I've greater reaſon for it,
Than I believ'd before t' abhor it.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Theſe ſad Effects
Spring from your *Heatheniſh* neglects
Of *Love*'s great Pow'r, which he returns
Upon your ſelves with equal Scorns;
And thoſe, who worthy *Lovers* ſlight,
Plague's with prepoſt'rous Appetite:
This made the Beauteous *Queen* of *Crete*
To take a *Town-Bull* for her *Sweet*;
And from her Greatneſs ſtoop ſo low,
To be the Rival of a Cow:
Others to proſtitute their great *Hearts*,
To be *Baboons* and *Monkeys* Sweet-hearts.
Some with the Dev'l himſelf in League grow
By's Repreſentative a *Negro*:

'Twas this made *Veſtal*-Maids love-ſick,
And venture to be bury'd Quick.
Some by their *Fathers*, and their *Brothers*,
To be made *Miſtreſſes* and *Mothers*:
'Tis this that Proudeſt *Dames* enamours
On Lacquies, and *Valets des Chambers*;
Their haughty *Stomachs* overcomes,
And makes 'em ſtoop to dirty *Grooms*;
To ſlight the *World*, and to diſparage
Claps, *Iſſue*, *Infamy*, and *Marriage*.

Quoth ſhe, Theſe Judgments are ſevere,
Yet ſuch as I ſhould rather bear,
Than truſt Men with their *Oaths*, or prove
Their *Faith* and *Secreſie* in *Love*:

Says he, There is a weighty Reaſon
For Secrecy in *Love*, as *Treaſon*.
Love is a *Burglarer*, a *Felon*,
That at the *Window-eye* does ſteal in
To rob the *Heart*, and with his Prey
Steals out again a cloſer way,
Which whoſoever can diſcover,
He's ſure (as he deſerves) to ſuffer.

Love

Love is a a Fire, that burns and ſparkles
In *Men* as nat'rally as in *Charcoals*,
Which ſooty *Chymiſts* ſtop in holes,
When out of Wood they extract Coals;
So *Lovers* ſhou'd their *Paſſions* choak,
That though they burn they may not ſmoak;
'Tis like that ſturdy *Thief* that ſtole
And dragg'd *Beaſts* backwards into's hole:
So *Love* does *Lovers*, and us Men
Draws by the Tails into his Den;
That no *Impreſſion* may diſcover,
And trace t' his *Cave* the wary *Lover*.
But if you doubt I ſhou'd reveal
What you entruſt me under Seal,
I'll prove my ſelf as cloſe and vertuous
As your own *Secretary*, *Albertus*.
Quoth ſhe, I grant you may be cloſe
In hiding what your Aims propoſe:
Love-Paſſions are like *Parables*,
By which Men ſtill mean ſomething elſe:
Though *Love* be all the World's pretence,
Money's the *Mythologick* Sence,

The real Subſtance of the Shadow
Which all Addreſs and Courtſhip's made to.
Thought he I underſtand your *Play*,
And how to quit you your own way;
He that will win his *Dame* muſt do
As *Love* does, when he bends his *Bow*,
With one Hand thruſt the *Lady* from,
And with the other pull her Home.
I grant, quoth he, *Wealth* is a great
Provocative to am'rous Heat;
It is all *Philters*, and high Diet,
That makes *Love* Rampant, and to fly out:
'Tis Beauty always in the Flower,
That Buds and Bloſſoms at Fourſcore:
'Tis that by which the *Sun* and *Moon*
At their own Weapons are out-done:
That makes *Knights-Errant* fall in Trances,
And lay about 'em in *Romances*:
'Tis *Vertue*, *Wit* and *Worth*, and all
That Men *Divine* and *Sacred* call;
For what is *Worth* in any thing,
But ſo much *Money* as 'twill bring?

Or

Or what but *Riches* is there known,
Which Man can ſolely call his own;
In which no Creature goes his half,
Unleſs it be to *ſquint* and *laugh?*
I do confeſs, with *Goods* and *Land*
I'd have a Wife at ſecond hand;
And ſuch you are: Nor is't your Perſon
My Stomachs ſet ſo *ſharp* and *fierce* on,
But 'tis (your better part) your *Riches*,
That my enamour'd Heart bewitches;
Let me your Fortunes but poſſeſs,
And ſettle your Perſon how you pleaſe,
Or make it o'er in *truſt* to th' *Devil*,
You'll find me *reaſonable* and *civil.*

Quoth ſhe, I like this plainneſs better
Than falſe *Mock-Paſſion*, *Speech*, or *Letter*,
Or any Feat of *Qualm*, or *Swooning*,
But *Hanging* of your ſelf, or *Drowning*;
Your only way with me to *break*
Your mind, is *breaking* of your Neck;
For as when *Merchants* Break, o'er thrown
Like *Nine-pins*, they ſtrike others down;

So

So that wou'd break my *Heart*, which done,
My tempting *Fortune* is your own.
Theſe are but Trifles, ev'ry *Lover*
Will damn himſelf over and over,
And greater matters undertake
For a leſs worthy *Miſterſs* ſake:
Yet th' are the only ways to prove
Th' unfeign'd *Realities* of *Love*;
For he that hangs, or beats out's Brains,
The *Devil*'s in him if he feigns.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This way's too rough
For mere *Experiment*, and *Proof*;
It is no jeſting, trivial matter,
To ſwing i' th' Air, or douce in Water,
And, like a Water-witch, try *love*
That's to deſtroy and not to prove:
As if a Man ſhou'd be diſſected,
To find what part is diſſaffected;
Your better way is to make over
In *truſt*, your Fortune to your *Lover*;
Truſt is a *Tryal*, if it break,
Tis not ſo deſp'rate as a *Neck*;

Beſide,

Beſide, th' *Experiment*'s more certain,
Men venture *Necks* to gain a Fortune;
The Soldier does it ev'ry day
(Eight to the Week) for ſix-pence Pay:
Your Pettifoggers damn their Souls,
To ſhare with Knaves in Cheating Fools:
And Merchants, ven'tring through the Main,
Slight Pyrates, Rocks, and Horns, for Gain;
This is the way I'dviſe you to,
Truſt me, and ſee what I will do.
Quoth ſhe, I ſhou'd be loth to run
My ſelf all th' hazard, and you none,
Which muſt be done, unleſs ſome *Deed*
Of yours aforeſaid do precede;
Give but your ſelf one gentle *ſwing*
For Tryal, and I'll cut the *ſtring*:
Or give that Rev'rend *Head* a mall,
Or two or three, againſt a Wall;
To ſhew you are a Man of Metal,
And I'll engage my ſelf to *ſettle*.
Quoth he, my *Head*'s not made of *Braſs*,
As Friar *Bacon*'s Noddle was:

Nor

Nor (like the *Indian*'s Scull) ſo tough,
That, *Authors* ſay, 'twas *Muſquet-proof*:
As it had need to be to enter
As yet on any new *Adventure*;
You ſee what *Bangs* it has endur'd,
That would before new *Feats* be cur'd:
But if that's all you ſtand upon,
Here, ſtrike me *Luck*, it ſhall be done.

Quoth ſhe, The Matter's not ſo far gone
As you ſuppoſe, *Two words* t' *a Bargain*,
That may be done, and time enough,
When you have given down right proof,
And yet 'tis no *Fantaſtick* Pique,
I have to *Love*, nor coy *Diſlike*;
'Tis no implicite, nice *Averſion*
T' your *Converſation*, *Mien*, or *Perſon*,
But a juſt Fear leſt you ſhou'd prove
Falſe and perfidious in *Love*:
For if I thought you cou'd be true,
I cou'd *Love* twice as much as you.

Quoth he, My Faith as *Adamantine*,
As Chains of *Deſtiny*, I'll maintain;

True

True as *Apollo* ever ſpoke,
Or *Oracle* from heart of *Oak*;
And if you'll give my *Flame* but vent,
Now in cloſe hugger-mugger pent,
And ſhine upon me but benignly,
With that one, and that other *Pigſneye*,
The *Sun* and *Day* ſhall ſooner part,
Than *Love*, or you, ſhake off my Heart;
The *Sun* that ſhall no more diſpence
His own, but *your* bright Influence;
I'll carve your Name on *Barks of Trees*,
With *True-loves-knots*, and *Flouriſhes*;
That ſhall diſuſe Eternal *Spring*,
And everlaſting flouriſhing:
Drink ev'ry Letter on't in *Stum*,
And make it brisk *Champagne* become:
Where e'er you tread, your Foot ſhall ſet
The *Primroſe* and the *Violet*;
All *Spices*, *Perfumes*, and *ſweet Powders*,
Shall borrow from your Breath their *Odours*;
Nature her *Charter* ſhall renew,
And take all *Lives* of things from you;

The

The *World* depend upon your *Eye*,
And when you frown upon it, dye.
Only our *Loves* ſhall ſtill ſurvive,
New Worlds and Natures to out-live;
And, like to *Herald's* Moons, remain
All *Creſcents*, without *Change* or *Wane*.
Hold, hold, quoth ſhe, no more of this,
Sir *Knight*, you take your aim amiſs:
For you will find it a hard *Chapter*
To catch me with *Poetick Rapture*,
In which your *Maſtery* of *Art*
Doth ſhew it ſelf, and not your *Heart*:
Nor will you raiſe in mine *Combuſtion*,
By dint of high *Heroick* Fuſtion:
She that with *Poetry* is won,
Is but a *Desk* to write upon;
And what Men ſay of her, they mean
No more than on the thing they *lean*.
Some with *Arabian Spices* ſtrive
T' Embalm her cruelly alive;
Or *Seaſon* her, as *French* Cooks uſe
Their *Haut-gouſts*, *Buollies*, or *Ragouſts*;

Uſe her ſo barbarouſly ill,
To grind her Lips upon a *Mill*,
Untill the *Facet Doublet* doth
Fit their *Rhimes* rather than her Mouth;
Her Mouth compar'd t' an *Oyſter*'s, with
A Row of *Pearl* in't ſtead of *Teeth*,
Others make *Poſies* of her *Cheeks*,
Where *Red and Whiteſt* Colours mix,
In which the *Lilly*, and the *Roſe*,
For *Indian* Lake, and Ceruſe goes.
The *Sun* and *Moon* by her bright Eyes
Eclips'd, and Darken'd in the *Skies*,
Are but *Black-patches* that ſhe wears
Cut into *Suns*, and *Moons*, and *Stars*:
By which *Aſtrologers*, as well
As thoſe in *Heav'n* above, can tell
What ſtrange Events they do foreſhow
Unto her Under-World below.
Her Voice the *Muſick* of the *Spheres*,
So loud, it deafens Mortal Ears;
As wiſe *Philoſphers* have thought,
And that's the cauſe we hear it not.

This

This has been done by ſome, who thoſe
Th' ador'd in *Rhime* wou'd kick in *Proſe*;
And in thoſe *Ribbons* wou'd have hung,
Of which melodiouſly they ſung:
That have the hard *Fate* to write beſt
Of thoſe ſtill that deſerve it leaſt;
It matters not how *falſe*, or *forc'd*,
So the *beſt* things be ſaid o' th' *Worſt*;
It goes for nothing when 'tis ſaid,
Only the *Arrow*'s drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a *Swan* or *Gooſe*
They level at: So *Shepherds* uſe
To ſet the ſame *Mark* on the *Hip*
Both of their *ſound* and *rotten Sheep*:
For *Wits* that carry *low* or *wide*,
Muſt be aim'd *higher*, or *beſide*
The *Mark*, which elſe they ne'er come *nigh*,
But when they take their Aim *awry*.
But I do wonder you ſhou'd chuſe
This way t' attack me with your *Muſe*,
As one cut out to paſs your Tricks on,
With *Fulhams* of *Poetick Fiction*:

I rather hop'd, I ſhou'd no more
Hear from you o'th' *Gallanting* Score;
For hard *Dry-Baſtings* uſe to prove
The readieſt Remedies of *Love*;
Next a *Dry-Dyet*: But if thoſe fail,
Yet this uneaſie Loop-hol'd *Gaol*,
In which y' are *hamper'd* by the *Fet-Lock*,
Cannot but put y' in Mind of *Wedlock*;
Wedlock that's worſe than any Hole here,
If that may ſerve you for a *Cooler*;
T' allay your *Metal*, all a-gog
Upon a *Wife*, the heavi'r Clog;
Nor rather thank your gentler *Fate*,
That, for a bruis'd or broken *Pate*,
Has free'd you from thoſe *Knobs* that grow
Much harder on the Marry'd *Brow*:
But if no Dread can cool your Courage,
From vent'ring on that *Dragon*, Marriage;
Yet give me *Quarter*, and advance
To nobler Aims your Puiſſance:
Level at *Beauty*, and at *Wit*,
The faireſt *Mark* is eaſieſt hit.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I'm before-hand,
In that already, with your Command:
For where does *Beauty* and high *Wit*
But in your *Conſtellation* meet?
Quoth ſhe, What does a *Match* imply,
But *Likeneſs* and *Equality*?
I know you cannot think me fit,
To be th' *Yoke-Fellow* of your *Wit*:
Nor take one of ſo mean *Deſerts*,
To be the *Part'ner* of your *Parts*;
A *Grace*, which if I cou'd believe,
I've not the Conſcience to receive.
That *Conſcience*, quoth *Hudibras*,
Is miſ-inform'd; I'll ſtate the *Caſe*:
A Man may be a *Legal Donor*,
Of any thing whereof he's *Owner*:
And may confer it where he liſts,
I' th' Judgments of all *Caſuiſts*:
Then *Wit*, and *Parts*, and *Valour* may
Be ali'nate, and made away
By thoſe that are *Proprietors*,
As I may give, or ſell my *Horſe*.

Quoth

Quoth ſhe, I grant the *Caſe* is true,
And proper 'twixt your *Horſe* and you;
But whether I may *take*, as well
As you may *give* away, or ſell?
Buyers you know are bid beware;
And worſe than Thieves *Receivers* are.
How ſhall I anſwer *Hue* and *Cry*,
For a *Roan-Gelding* twelve Hands high,
All ſpurr'd and ſwitch'd, a *Lock* on's Hoof,
A *ſorrel Main*? Can I bring Proof,
Where, when, by whom, and what h' were
And in the open *Market* tol'd for? (ſold for,
Or ſhou'd I take you for a Stray,
You muſt be kept a Year and Day,
(E'er I can own you) here i' th' Pound,
Where, if y' are ſought, you may be found:
And in the mean time I muſt pay
For all your *Provender* and *Hay*.
Quoth he, It ſtands me much upon
T' *enervate* this *Objection*,
And prove my ſelf, by *Topick* clear,
No *Gelding*, as you wou'd infer.

Loſs of *Virility*'s averr'd
To be the Cauſe of Loſs of *Beard*,
That does (like *Embrio* in the Womb)
Abortive on the *Chin* become.
This firſt a *Woman* did invent,
In Envy of *Man*'s Ornament.
Semiramis of *Babylon*,
Who firſt of all cut Men o'th' *Stone*,
To mar their *Beards*, and laid Foundation
Of *Sow-Geldering* Operation:
Look on this *Beard*, and tell me whether
Eunuchs wear ſuch, or *Geldings* either?
Next it appears, I am no *Horſe*,
That I can argue and diſcourſe;
Have but two *Legs*, and ne'er a *Tail*;
Quoth ſhe, That nothing will avail;
For ſome *Philoſophers* of late here
Write, that Men have four Legs by *Nature*,
And that 'tis *Cuſtom* makes them go
Erron'ouſly upon but two;
As 'twas in *Germany* made good
B' a Boy that loſt himſelf in a *Wood*;

And growing down t' a Man, was won't
With *Wolves* upon all four to hunt.
As for your Reaſons drawn from *Tails*,
We cannot ſay they're true or falſe,
Till you explain your ſelf, and ſhow
B' Experiment 'tis ſo or no.
Quoth he, If you'll joyn Iſſue on't,
I'll give you a ſatisfact'ry Account;
So you will promiſe, if you loſe,
To ſettle all, and be my *Spouſe*.
That never ſhall be done (quoth ſhe)
To one that wants a *Tail*, by me:
For *Tails* by Nature ſure were meant,
As well as *Beards*, for Ornament;
And tho' the *Vulgar* count them homely,
In *Man* or *Beaſt* they are ſo comely;
So *Jantee*, *Alamode*, and Handſome,
I'll never marry *Man* that wants one:
And till you can demonſtrate plain,
You have one equal to your *Mane*,
I'll be torn Piece-meal by a *Horſe*,
E'er I'll take you *for better or worſe*.

The *Prince* of *Cambay*'s daily Food,
Is *Aſpe*, and *Baſilisk*, and *Toad*;
Which makes him have ſo ſtrong a Breath,
Each Night he ſtinks a *Queen* to Death;
Yet I ſhall rather lie in's *Arms*
Than yours, on any other *Terms*.

Quoth he, What *Nature* can afford,
I ſhall produce upon my Word;
And if ſhe ever gave that *Boon*
To Man, I'll prove that I have one;
I mean, by *poſtulate Illation*,
When you ſhall offer juſt Occaſion;
But ſince y' have yet deny'd to give
My *Heart*, your *Priſ'ner*, a Reprieve,
But made it ſink down to my Heel,
Let that at leaſt your Pity feel,
And for the Sufferings of your *Martyr*,
Give its poor Entertainer *Quarter*;
And by *Diſcharge*, or *Main-Prize* grant
Deliv'ry from this baſe *Reſtraint*.

Quoth ſhe, I grieve to ſee your *Leg*
Stuck in a Hole here like a *Peg*,

And

And if I knew which Way to do't,
(Your *Honour* ſafe) I'd let you out.
That *Dames* by *Gaol-Delivery*
Of *Errant Knights* have been ſet free,
When by *Enchantment* they have been,
And ſometimes for it too, laid in;
Is that which *Knights* are bound to do
By *Order*, *Oath*, and *Honour* too:
For what are they *renown'd* and *fam'us* elſe,
But aiding of diſtreſſed *Damoſels*?
But for a *Lady* no ways *Errant*,
To free a *Knight*, we have no Warrant
In any Authentical *Romance*,
Or *Claſſick Author* yet of *France*:
And I'd be loth to have you break
An Antient *Cuſtom* for a Freak,
Or *Innovation* introduce
In Place of Things of *Antique* Uſe;
To free your Heels by any Courſe,
That might b' unwholeſome to your *Spurs*:
Which if I ſhou'd conſent unto,
It is not in my Pow'r to do;

For 'tis a Service muſt be done ye
With ſolemn previous Ceremony.
Which always has been us'd to untie,
The *Charms* of thoſe who here do lie;
For as the *Ancients* heretofore
To *Honour's Temple* had no Door,
But that which thorough *Vertue*'s lay;
So from this *Dungeon* there's no Way
To *honour'd Freedom*, but by paſſing,
That other *Vertuous* School of *Laſhing*,
Where *Knights* are kept in narrow Liſts,
With wooden *Locke:s* 'bout their Wriſts;
In which they for a-while are *Tenants*,
And for their *Ladies* ſuffer *Penance*;
Whipping, that's *Vertue*'s Governeſs,
Tutreſs of *Arts* and *Sciences*;
That mends the groſs Miſtakes of *Nature*,
And puts new Life into dull Matter;
That lays Foundation for *Renown*,
And all the *Honours* of the *Gown*:
This ſuffer'd, they are ſet at large,
And *free'd* with hon'rable Diſcharge:

Then

Then in their *Robes* the *Penetentials*
Are ſtreight preſented with *Credentials*,
And in their way attended on
By *Magiſtrates* of ev'ry Town;
And all Reſpect and Charges paid,
They're to their antient *Seats* convey'd.
Now if you'll venture for my Sake
To try the Toughneſs of your *Back*,
And ſuffer (as the reſt have done)
The laying of a *Whipping* on;
(And may you proſper in your Suit,
As you with equal Vigour do't)
I here engage my ſelf to looſe ye,
And free your *Heels* from *Caperdewſie*.
But ſince our *Sex*'s Modeſty
Will not allow I ſhou'd be by,
Bring me on *Oath*, a fair Account,
And *Honour* too, when you have don't;
And I'll admit you to the Place,
You claim as *due* in my good Grace.
If *Matrimony* and *Hanging* go
By *Deſt'ny*, why not *Whipping* too?

What

What Med'cine elſe can cure the *Fits*
Of *Lovers*, when they loſe their *Wits*?
Love is a *Boy* by *Poets* ſtyl'd,
Then *Spare the Rod, and ſpoil the Child.*
A *Perſian* Emperor whip'd his Grantham
The Sea, his Mother *Venus* came on;
And hence ſome Rev'rend Men approve
Of *Roſemary* in making *Love.*
As ſkilful *Coopers* hoop their Tubs
With *Lydian* and with *Phrygian* Dubs;
Why may not *Whipping* have as good
A Grace, perform'd in Time and Mood,
With comely Movement, and by *Art*,
Raiſe Paſſion in a *Lady*'s Heart?
It is an eaſier Way to make
Love by, than that which many take.
Who wou'd not rather ſuffer *Whipping*,
Than ſwallow *Toaſts* of Bits of *Ribbon*?
Make wicked *Verſes*, *Treats*, and *Faces*,
And ſpell Names over with *Beer-Glaſſes*?
Be under Vows to *hang* and *die*,
Love's Sacrifice, and all a *Lye*?

With *China-Oranges*, and *Tarts*,
And whining *Plays*, lay Baits for Hearts?
Bribe *Chamber-Maids* with *Love* and *Money*,
To break no Roguiſh *Jeſts* upon ye?
For Lillies limn'd on *Cheecks*, and Roſes,
With painted Perfumes, hazard Noſes?
Or vent'ring to be brisk and wanton,
Do Pennance in a *Paper Lanthorn*?
All this you may compound for now
By ſuffering what I offer you,
Which is no more than has been done,
By *Knights* for *Ladies* long agone:
Did not the Great *La Mancha* do ſo,
For the *Infanta Del Toboſo*?
Did not th' Illuſtrious *Baſſa* make
Himſelf a *Slave* for *Miſſe*'s Sake?
And with Bull's-Pizle, for her *Love*,
Was taw'd as gentle as a Glove?
Was not young *Florio* ſent (to cool
His Flame for *Biancaſore*) to School,
Where *Pedant* made his *Pathick* Bum
For her Sake ſuffer *Martyrdom*?

Did

Did not a certain *Lady* whip
Of late her Husband's own Lordſhip?
And though a Grandee of the *Houſe*,
Claw'd him with *Fundamental* Blows;
Ty'd him ſtark-naked to a Bed-poſt,
And firk'd his Hide as if ſh' had rid Poſt;
And after in the *Seſſions-Court*,
Where *Whipping*'s judg'd, had *Honour* for't?
This *ſwear* you will perform, and then
I'll free you from th' Inchanted *Den*,
And the *Magician* Circle clear.
Quoth he, I do *profeſs* and *ſwear*,
And will perform what you enjoyn,
Or may I never ſee you *mine*.
Amen, (quoth ſhe) Then turn'd about,
And bid her *Squire* let him out.
But e'er an *Artiſt* cou'd be found
T' undo the *Charms*, another bound;
The *Sun* grew low, and left the Skies,
But down (ſome write) by *Ladies* Eyes;
The *Moon* pull'd off her Veil of Light,
That hides her Face by Day from Sight,
(Myſterious

(Myſterious Veil, of Brightneſs made,
That's both her Luſtre, and her Shade)
And in the Lanthorn of the Night,
With ſhining Horns hung out her Light:
For Darkneſs is the proper Sphere,
Where all falſe Glories uſe t' appear.
The twinkling *Stars* began to muſter,
And glitter with their borrow'd Luſtre.
While Sleep the weary'd *World* reliev'd,
By counterfeiting *Death* reviv'd.
Our *Vot'ry* thought it beſt t' adjourn
His *Whipping* Penance till the Morn,
And not to carry on a *Work*
Of ſuch *Importance* in the Dark,
With erring Haſte, but rather ſtay,
And do't in th' open Face of *Day*;
And in the mean Time, go in queſt
Of next *Retreat* to take his Reſt.

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND *CANTO*.

The Knight *and* Squire *in hot Diſpute,*
Within an Ace of falling out,
Are parted with a ſudden Fright
Of ſtrange Allarm, and ſtranger Sight;
With which adventuring to ſtickle,
They're ſent away in naſty Pickle.

CANTO II.

'TIS ſtrange how ſome Men's Tempers (ſuit
(Like *Bawd* and *Brandee*) with Diſpute,
That for their own *Opinions* ſtand faſt,
Only to have them claw'd and canvaſt.
That keep their *Conſciences* in Caſes,
As *Fidlers* do their *Crowds* and *Baſes*,
Ne'er to be us'd but when they're bent,
To play a Fit for *Argument*.

Make

Make *true* and *falſe*, *unjuſt* and *juſt*,
Of no Uſe but to be diſcuſt.
Diſpute and ſet a *Paradox*,
Like a ſtrait Boot upon the Stocks,
And ſtretch it more unmercifully,
Than *Helmont*, *Mountaign*, *White*, or *Tully*.
So th' Ancient *Stoicks* in their Porch
With fierce Diſpute maintain'd their *Church*,
Beat out their Brains in Fight and Study,
To prove that *Virtue* is a *Body*;
That *Bonum* is an *Animal*,
Made good with ſtout *Polemick* Braul:
In which, ſome Hundreds on the Place
Were ſlain outright, and many a Face
Retrench'd of *Noſe*, and *Eyes*, and *Beard*,
To maintain what their *Sect* averr'd.
All which the *Knight* and *Squire* in Wrath
Had like t' have ſuffer'd for their Faith;
Each ſtriving to make good his own,
As by the *Sequel* ſhall be ſhown.
The Sun had long ſince in the Lap
Of *Thetis* taken out his *Nap*,

And

And like a *Lobſter* boil'd, the *Morn*
From *Black* to *Red* began to turn.
When *Hudibras*, whom Thoughts and Aking
'Twixt ſleeping kept all Night, and waking,
Began to rub his drouſie Eyes,
And from his Couch prepar'd to riſe:
Reſolving to diſpatch the Deed,
He vow'd to do with truſty Speed.
But firſt, with knocking loud and bauling,
He rouz'd the *Squire*, in *Truckle* lolling;
And, after many Circumſtances,
Which vulgar *Authors* in *Romances*
Do uſe to ſpend their *Time* and *Wits* on,
To make impertinent Deſcription,
They got (with much ado) to *Horſe*,
And to the *Caſtle* bent their Courſe,
In which, he to the *Dame* before
To ſuffer *Whipping* duly ſwore:
Where now arriv'd, and half unharneſt,
To carry on the Work in earneſt;
He ſtopt, and paus'd upon the ſudden,
And with a ſerious Forehead plodding,

Sprung

Sprung a new Scruple in his Head,
Which firſt he ſcratch'd, and after ſaid;
Whether it be direct *infringing*
An *Oath*, If I ſhou'd wave this *ſwinging*,
And what I've ſworn to bear, forbear,
And ſo b' *Equivocation* ſwear;
Or whether 't be a leſſer *Sin*
To be forſworn, than act the thing,
Are deep and ſubtil *Points*, which muſt,
T' inform my Conſcience, be diſcuſt.
In which to *err* a Tittle may
To *Errours* infinite make way:
And therefore I deſire to know
Thy *Judgment* e'er we farther go.
Quoth *Ralpho*, Since you do injoin't
I ſhall enlarge upon the *Point*.
And for my own part do not doubt,
Th' *Affirmative* may be made out;
But firſt to *ſtate* the *Caſe* aright,
For beſt advantage of our Light;
And thus 'tis: Whether 't be a *Sin*
To *claw* and *curry* your own *Skin*,

Greater, or leſs, than to forbear,
And that you are forſworn, forſwear.
But firſt, o' th' firſt: The *Inward Man*,
And *Outward*, like a *Clan* and *Clan*,
Have always been at Daggers-drawing:
And one another Clapper-clawing:
Not that they really cuff, or fence,
But in a Spiritual *Myſtick* ſenſe;
Which to miſtake, and make 'em ſquabble,
In literal Fray's abominable;
'Tis Heatheniſh, in frequent uſe
With *Pagans*, and *Apoſtate Jews*,
To offer Sacrifice of *Bridewells*:
Like Modern *Indians* to their *Idols*,
And mungril *Chriſtians* of our times,
That exp'ate leſs with greater *Crimes*;
And call the foul *Abomination*
Contrition, and *Mortification*.
Is't not enough we' re bruis'd and kicked
With ſinful Members of the wicked;
Our Veſſels, that are *ſanctify'd*,
Profan'd and *curry'd*, back and ſide;

But

But we muſt claw our ſelves with ſhameful
And Heathen ſtripes, by their example?
Which (were there nothing to forbid it)
Is *Impious*, becauſe they did it.
This therefore may be juſtly reckon'd
A *Heinous* Sin. Now to the ſecond,
That *Saints* may claim a *Diſpenſation*
To *ſwear* and *forſwear*, on Occaſion;
I doubt not, but it will appear
With pregnant Light. The *Point* is clear:
Oaths are but *Words*, and *Words* but *Wind*;
Too feeble Implements to *bind*;
And hold with *Deeds* proportion, ſo
As *Shadows* to a *Subſtance* do.
Then when they ſtrive for *place*, 'tis fit
The *Weaker Veſſel* ſhou'd ſubmit:
Although your *Church* be oppoſite
To ours, as *Black-Friars* are to *White*,
In *Rule* and *Order*; yet I grant
You are a *Reformado Saint*;
And what the *Saints* do claim as due,
You may pretend a Title to:

But *Saints*, whom *Oaths* or *Vows* oblige,
Know little of their *Privilege*;
Farther (I mean) than carrying on
Some ſelf-advantage of their own:
For if the *Dev'l* to ſerve his turn
Can tell *Truth*, why the *Saints* ſhou'd ſcorn,
When it ſerves theirs, to *ſwear* and *lie*,
I think there's little reaſon why:
Elſe h' has a greater pow'r than they,
Which 'twere Impiety to ſay;
W' are not commanded to forbear
Indef'nitely at all to *ſwear*;
But to *ſwear* idly, and in vain,
Without Self-Intereſt or Gain;
For breaking of an *Oath*, and *Lying*,
Is but a kind of *Self-denying*,
A *Saint-like Vertue*, and from hence
Some have broke *Oaths* by *Providence*:
Some to the *Glory of the Lord*,
Perjur'd themſelves, and broke their Word:
And this the conſtant *Rule* and *Practice*
Of all our late *Apoſtles Acts* is.

Was

Was not the *Cauſe* at firſt begun
With *Perjury*, and carry'd on?
Was there an *Oath* the *Godly* took,
But in due time and place they broke?
Did we not bring our *Oaths* in firſt,
Before our *Plate*, to have them burſt,
And caſt in fitter *Models* for
The preſent uſe of *Church* and *War*?
Did not our *Worthies* of the *Houſe*,
Before they broke the *Peace*, break *Vows*?
For having freed us, firſt, from both
Th' *Allegiance* and *Supremac'-Oath*:
Did they not next compel the *Nation*,
To take and break the *Proteſtation*?
To *ſwear*, and after to *recant*
The *Solemn League and Covenant*?
To take th' *Engagement*, and diſclaim it,
Enforc'd by thoſe who firſt did frame it?
Did they not ſwear at firſt to *fight*
For the KING'S *Safety*, and His *Right*;
And after march'd to find him out,
And charg'd him home with *Horſe* and *Foot*;

But yet ſtill had the confidence,
To ſwear, it was in his *defence?*
Did they not ſwear to *live* and *dye*
With *Eſſex*, and ſtraight laid him by?
If that were all, for ſome have ſwore
As falſe as they, if th' did no more.
Did they not *ſwear* to maintain *Law*,
In which that *ſwearing* made a *Flaw?*
For *Proteſtant Religion* vow,
That did that *Vowing* diſallow?
For *Privelege* of *Parliament*,
In which that *ſwearing* made a *Rent?*
And ſince of all the *three* not one
Is left in being, 'tis well known.
Did they not *ſwear*, in expreſs Words,
To prop and back the *Houſe of Lords?*
And after turn'd out the whole *Houſe-full*
Of *Peers*, as dang'rous, and unuſefull?
So *Cromwell*, with deep *Oaths* and *Vows*,
Swore all the *Commons* out o' th' *Houſe*,
Vow'd that the *Red-Coats* would disband,
Ay marry would he, at their Command.

And troll'd them on, and *ſwore*, and *ſwore*,
Till th' *Army* turn'd 'em out of *Door*:
This tells us plainly what they thought,
That *Oaths* and *Swearing* go for nought,
And that by them th' were only meant
To ſerve for an *Expedient*:
What was the *Publick Faith* found out for,
But to ſlur Men of what they fought for?
The *Publick Faith* which ev'ry one
Is bound t' obſerve, yet kept by none;
And if that go for nothing, why
Shou'd *Private Faith* have ſuch a Tie?
Oaths were not purpos'd more than *Law*,
To keep the *Good* and *Juſt* in awe,
But to confine the *Bad* and *Sinful*,
Like Moral *Cattle* in a *Pinfold*:
A *Saint*'s o' th' Heavenly Realm a *Peer*,
And as no *Peer* is bound to *ſwear*,
But on the *Goſpel* of his *Honour*,
Of which he may diſpoſe, as *Owner*;
It follows, though the thing be *Forg'ry*;
And falſe, th' affirm, it is no *Perj'ry*,

But a mere *Cer'mony*: and breach
Of nothing but a form of Speech;
And goes for no more when 'tis took,
Than meer *ſaluting* of the *Book*.
Suppoſe the *Scriptures* are of Force,
They're but *Commiſſions* of Courſe,
And *Saints* have freedom to digreſs,
And vary from 'em as they pleaſe;
Or miſ-interpret them by *private*
Inſtructions, to all *Aims* they drive at:
Then why ſhould we our ſelves *abridge*,
And *curtail* our own *Privilege*?
Quakers (that, like to *Lanthorns*, bear
Their Light within 'em) will not *ſwear*.
Their *Goſpel* is an *Accidence*,
By which they conſtrue *Conſcience*,
And hold no *Sin* ſo deeply *red*,
As that of breaking *Priſcian*'s Head,
(The *Head* and *Founder* of their *Order*,
That ſtirring *Hats* held worſe than Murder.)
Theſe thinking th' are oblig'd to *Truth*
In *ſwearing*, will not take an *Oath*;

Like

Like Mules, who if th' have not their will
To keep their own pace, ſtand ſtoc-kſtill;
But they are weak, and little know
What Free-born *Conſciences* may do;
'Tis the *Temptation* of the Devil,
That makes all humane Actions evil:
For *Saints* may do the ſame things by
The *Spirit*, in Sincerity,
Which other Men are tempted to,
And at the Devil's inſtance do;
And yet the Actions be contrary,
Juſt as the *Saints* and *Wicked* vary.
For as on Land there is no *Beaſt*,
But in ſome *Fiſh* at Sea's expreſt,
So in the *Wicked* there's no *Vice*,
Of which the *Saints* have not a Spice;
And yet that thing that's *pious* in
The one, in t' other is a *Sin*.
Is't not *Ridiculous* and *Nonſenſe*,
A *Saint* ſhou'd be a ſlave to *Conſcience*?
That ought to be above ſuch Fancies,
As far as above *Ordinances*?

She's

She's of the *Wicked*, as I gueſs,
B' her *Looks*, her *Language* and her *Dreſs*;
And though, like *Conſtables*, we ſearch
For Falſe Wares one another's *Church*:
Yet all of us hold this for true,
No Faith is to the Wicked due;
For *Truth* is *Precious* and *Divine*,
Too rich a *Pearl* for *Carnal Swine*.
Quoth *Hudibas*, All this is true,
Yet 'tis not fit that all Men knew
Theſe *Myſteries* and *Revelations*;
And therefore *Topical* Evaſions
Of ſubtile *Turns*, and *Shifts* of Senſe,
Serve beſt with th' *Wicked* for pretence,
Such as the learned *Jeſuits* uſe,
And *Presbyterians*, for Excuſe
Againſt the *Proteſtants*, when th' happen
To find their *Churches* taken napping:
As thus: A breach of *Oaths* is *Duple*,
And either way admits a *Scruple*,
And may be *ex parte* o' th' *Maker*
More Criminal than th' injur'd *Taker*.

For

For he that ſtrains too far, a *Vow*,
Will break it like an o'er-bent *Bow*:
And he that made, and forc'd it, broke it,
Not he that for Convenience took it:
A broaken Oath is, *quat'mus Oath*,
As ſound t' all purpoſes of *Troth*,
As broken *Laws* are ne'er the worſe,
Nay, till th' are broken have no force;
What's *Juſtice* to a Man, or *Laws*,
That never comes within their Claws;
They have no Pow'r, but to admoniſh,
Cannot controul, coerce or puniſh,
Untill they're broken, and then touch
Thoſe only that do make them ſuch.
Beſide, n' *Engagement* is allow'd
By Men in *Priſon* made for Good;
For when they're ſet at *liberty*,
They're from th' *Engagement* too ſet free:
The *Rabbins* write, when any *Jew*
Did make to *God* or *Man* a *Vow*,
Which afterward he found untoward,
And ſtubborn to be kept, or too hard;

Any

Any three other *Jews* o' th' *Nation*,
Might free him from the *Obligation*:
And have not two *Saints* pow'r to uſe,
A greater *Privilege* than three *Jews*?
The *Court* of *Conſcience*, which in *Man*
Shou'd be *Supreme* and *Sovereign*,
Is't fit ſhould be *Subordinate*
To ev'ry petty *Court* i' th' State,
And have leſs Power than the *leſſer*,
To deal with *Perjurry* at pleaſure?
Have its Proceedings diſallow'd, or
Allow'd, at fancy of *Py-Powder*?
Tell all it does or does not know,
For ſwearing *ex officio*?
Be forc'd t' impeach a broken hedge,
And *Pigs* unring'd at *Viſ. Franc. Pledge.*
Diſcover *Thieves*, and *Bawds*, *Recuſants*,
Prieſts, *Witches*, *Eve-droppers*, and *Nuſance*;
Tell who did play at Games unlawful,
And who fill'd *Pots* of *Ale* but half-full.
And have no pow'r at all, nor ſhift,
To help it ſelf at a dead lift?

Why

Why ſhou'd not *Conſcience* have *Vacation*
As well as other Courts o' th' Nation;
Have equal power to adjourn,
Appoint *Appearance* and *Return*:
And make as nice diſtinction ſerve
To ſplit a Caſe, as thoſe that carve
Invoking Cuckolds Names, hit Joints,
Why ſhou'd not Tricks as ſlight do Points?
Is not th' *High-Court of Juſtice* ſworn
To Judge that Law that ſerves their *turn?*
Make their own Jealouſies High-Treaſon,
And fix 'em whomſoe'er they pleaſe on?
Cannot the *Learned Council* there
Make Laws in any ſhape appear?
Mold 'em as *Witches* do their Clay,
When they make *Pictures* to deſtroy?
And vex 'em into any Form
That fits their purpoſe to do harm?
Rack 'em until they do confeſs,
Impeach of Treaſon whom they pleaſe,
And moſt perfidiouſly condemn
Thoſe that engag'd their *Lives* for them?

And

And yet do nothing in their own Senſe,
But what they ought by *Oath* and *Conſcience*.
Can they not juggle, and with ſlight
Conveyance play with *Wrong* and *Right*;
And ſell their Blaſts of *Wind* as dear
As *Lapland Witches* bottled *Air*?
Will not *Fear*, *Favour*, *Bribe*, and *Grudge*,
The ſame Caſe ſev'ral ways adjudge?
As Seamen with the ſelf-ſame *Gale*
Will ſev'ral diff'rent Courſes ſail;
As when the *Sea* breaks o'er its Bounds,
And overflows the level Grounds,
Thoſe *Banks* and *Damms*, that like a *Skreen*
Did keep it out, now keep it in:
So when *Tyrannick Uſurpation*
Invades the Freedom of a *Nation*,
The *Laws* o' th' Land that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it.
Does not in *Chanc'ry* ev'ry Man *ſwear*
What makes beſt for him in his Anſwer?
Is not the winding up *Witneſſes*
A nicking more than half the Bus'neſs?

For

For *Witneſſes*, like *Watches* go
Juſt as they're ſet, too faſt or ſlow.
And where in *Conſcience* th' are ſtraight lac'd,
'Tis ten to one that ſide is caſt.
Do not your *Juries* give their *Verdict*
As if they felt the *Cauſe*, not heard it?
And as they pleaſe *Make Matter of Fact*
Run all on one ſide, as th' are pack't?
Nature has made Man's Breaſt no *Windores*
To publiſh what he does within doors;
Nor what dark ſecrets there inhabit,
Unleſs his own raſh folly blab it.
If *Oaths* can do a Man no good,
In his own bus'neſs, why they ſhou'd
In other matters do him hurt,
I think there's little Reaſon for't:
He that impoſes an *Oath* makes it,
Not he that for Convenience takes it;
Then how can any Man be ſaid,
To break an *Oath* he never made?
Theſe *Reaſons* may perhaps look odly
To th' *Wicked*, though th' evince the *Godly*;

But

But if they will not ſerve to clear
My *Honour*, I am ne'er the near.
Honour is like that glaſſy Bubble
That finds *Philoſophers* ſuch trouble,
Whoſe leaſt part crack'd, the whole does fly,
And *Wits* are crack'd, to find out why.

Quoth *Ralpho*, Honour's but a Word
To ſwear by only in a *Lord:*
In other Men 'tis but a Huff,
To vapour with inſtead of proof;
That like a *Wen*, looks big and ſwells,
Is ſenſeleſs, and juſt nothing elſe.

Let it (quoth he) be what it will,
It has the *World's* Opinion ſtill.
But as Men are not *Wiſe* that run
The ſlighteſt *hazard* they may ſhun:
There may a *Medium* be found out
To clear to all the *World* the doubt;
And that is, if a Man may do't,
By *Proxy* whipt, or Subſtitute.

Though nice and dark the point appear,
(Quoth *Ralph*) it may hold up and clear.

That

That *Sinners* may ſupply the place
Of ſuff'ring *Saints*, is a plain *Caſe*.
Juſtice gives Sentence many times
On one Man for another's *Crimes*.
Our *Brethren* of *New-England* uſe
Choice *Malefactors* to excuſe,
And *hang* the *Guiltleſs* in their ſtead,
Of whom the *Churches* have leſs need:
As lately happen'd in a Town
There liv'd a *Cobler*, and but one,
That out of *Doctrine* could cut *Uſe*,
And mend Mens *Lives* as well as *Shoes*.
This precious *Brother* having ſlain
In times of *Peace*, an *Indian*,
(Not out *Malice*, but meer *Zeal*,
Becauſe he was an *Infidel*)
The mighty *Tottipottymoy*
Sent to our *Elders* an *Envoy*;
Complaining ſorely of the *Breach*
Of *League*, held forth by Brother *Patch*,
Againſt the *Articles* in force
Between both *Churches*, his and ours,

For which he crav'd the *Saints* to render
Into his hands, or hang th' *Offender*:
But they maturely having weigh'd
They had no more but him o' th' Trade,
(A Man that ſerv'd them in a double
Capacity, to *Teach* and *Cobble*,)
Reſolv'd to ſpare him; yet to do
The *Indian Hoghgan Maghgan* too
Impartial Juſtice, in his ſtead did
Hang an old *Weaver* that was Bed-rid.
Then wherefore may not you be skipp'd,
And in your room another *whipp'd*?
For all *Philoſophers*, but the *Sceptick*,
Hold *VVhipping* may be *Sympathetick*.

It is enough, quoth *Hudibras*,
Thou haſt reſolv'd, and clear'd the *Caſe*;
And canſt in *Conſcience* not refuſe
From thy own *Doctrine* to raiſe *Uſe*:
I know thou wilt not (for my ſake)
Be tender-Conſcienc'd of thy Back:
Then ſtrip thee of thy Carnal *Jerkin*,
And give thy *outward-fellow* a Ferking,

For

For when thy *Veſſel* is new *hoop'd*,
All Leaks of *ſinning* will be ſtop'd.
Quoth *Ralpho*, You miſtake the matter;
For in all *Scruples* of this Nature,
No Man includes himſelf, nor turns
The *Point* upon his own Concerns.
As no Man of his own ſelf catches
The *Itch*, or amorous *French Aches*:
So no Man does himſelf convince
By his own Doctrine of his *Sins*:
And tho' all cry down *ſelf*, none means
His own ſelf in a *lit'ral Sence*:
Beſide, it is not only *Foppiſh*,
But *Vile*, *Idolatrous* and *Popiſh*;
For one Man out of his own Skin,
To ferk and whip another's *Sin*:
As *Pedants* out of *School-boys* Breeches
Do claw and curry their own Itches.
But in this Caſe it is Prophane,
And Sinful too, becauſe in vain;
For we muſt take our *Oaths* upon it
You did the *Deed*, when I had done it.

Quoth *Hudibras*, That's anſwer'd ſoon;
Give us the *Whip*, we'll lay it on.
Quoth *Ralpho*, That we may ſwear true,
'Twere properer that I whipp'd you:
For when with your conſent 'tis done,
The *Act* is really your own.
Quoth *Hudibras*, It is in vain
(I ſee) to argue 'gainſt the grain;
Or, like the Stars, incline Men to
What they're averſe themſelves to do:
For when *Diſputes* are weary'd out,
'Tis *Int'reſt* that reſolves the Doubt:
But ſince no Reaſon can confute ye,
I'll try to force you to your *Duty*;
For ſo it is, howe're you mince it,
As e're we part I ſhall evince it;
And *curry* (if you ſtand out) whether
You will or no your *ſtubborn Leather*.
Canſt thou refuſe to bear thy part,
I' th' publick *Work*, baſe as thou art?
To higgle thus for a few Blows,
To gain thy *Knight* an op'lent *Spouſe*;

Whoſe

Whoſe *wealth* his *bowels* yearn to purchaſe,
Meerly for th' Int'reſt of the *Churches*;
And when he has it in his Claws,
Will not be hide-bound to the *Cauſe*;
Nor ſhalt thou find him a *Curmudgin*,
If thou diſpatch it without grudging:
If not, reſolve before we go,
That You and I muſt pull a Crow.

Y' had beſt (quoth *Ralpho*) as the *Ancients*
Say wiſely, *Have a care o' th' main Chance*,
And look before you e'er you leap;
For as you ſow, you're like to reap:
And were y' as good as *George-a-Green*,
I ſhall make bold to turn agen;
Nor am I doubtful of the Iſſue
In a juſt *Quarrel*; and mine is ſo.
Is't fitting for a Man of *Honour*
To whip the *Saints* like *Biſhop Bonner*?
A *Knight* t' uſurp the *Beadle*'s Office,
For which y' are like to raiſe brave *Trophies*:
But I adviſe you (not for fear,
But for your own ſake) to forbear

And for the *Church*'s, which may chance
From hence to ſpring a Variance;
And raiſe among themſelves new *Scraples*,
Whom common *Danger* hardly couples.
Remember how in *Arms* and *Politicks*,
We ſtill have worſted all your Holy Tricks;
Trepann'd your Party with *Intrigue*,
And took your *Grandees* down a peg;
New modell'd th' *Army*, and *Caſhier'd*
All that to *Legion S MEC* adher'd;
Made a meer Utenſil of your *Church*,
And after left it in the lurch,
A Scaffold to build up our own,
And when w' had done with't pull'd it down;
Capoch'd your *Rabbins* of the *Synod*,
And ſnap'd their *Canons* with a *Why-not*.
(Grave *Synod-men*, that were rever'd
For ſolid Face and depth of *Beard*)
Their *Claſſick Model* prov'd a Maggot,
Their *Direct'ry* an *Indian Pagod*,
And drown'd their *Diſc'pline* like a Kitten,
On which th' had been ſo long a ſitting;

Decry'd

Decry'd it as a *Holy Cheat*,
Grown out of Date, and Obſolete,
And all the *Saints* of the firſt Graſs,
As Caſtling *Foals* of *Bal'am's Aſs*.
At this the *Knight* grew high in Chaſe,
And ſtaring fur'ouſly on *Ralph*,
He trembled, and look'd pale with Ire,
Like Aſhes firſt, then Red as Fire.
Have I (quoth he) been ta'n in Fight,
And for ſo many *Moons* lain by't,
And when all other means did fail,
Have been exchang'd for *Tubs* of *Ale*?
Not but they thought me worth a *Ranſome*,
Much more conſiderable and handſome,
But for their own ſakes, and for fear,
They were not ſafe when I was there;
Now to be baffled by a *Scoundrel*,
An upſtart *Sect'ry* and a *Mungrel*;
Such as breed out of peccant Humours
Of our own *Church*, like Wens, or Tumours;
And like a *Maggot* in a *Sore*,
Wou'd that which gave it life devour;

It never ſhall be done or ſaid:
With that he ſeiz'd upon his *Blade*;
And *Ralpho* too, as quick and bold,
Upon his *Basket-hilt* laid hold,
With equal Readineſs prepar'd
To draw, and ſtand upon his Guard:
When both were parted on the ſudden,
With hideous *Clamour*, and a loud one,
As if all forts of *Noiſe* had bin
Contracted into one loud *Din*;
Or that ſome Member to be choſen,
Had got the *odds* above a *Thouſand*;
And by the Greatneſs of his Noiſe
Prov'd fitteſt for his *Countries* Choice:
This ſtrange Surprizal put the *Knight*
And wrathful *Squire* into a fright;
And tho' they ſtood prepar'd, with fatal,
Impetuous Rancour to join *Battel*;
Both thought it was their wiſeſt Courſe
To wave the Fight, and mount to *Horſe*;
And to ſecure by ſwift retreating
Themſelves from danger of worſe *beating*.

Yet

Yet neither of them would diſparage,
By utt'ring of his Mind, his Courage,
Which made 'em ſtoutly keep their ground,
With Horror and Diſdain wind-bound.
And now the Cauſe of all their *Fear*
By ſlow degrees approach'd ſo near,
They might diſtinguiſh diff'rent Noiſe
Of *Horns*, and *Pans*, and *Dogs*, and *Boys*:
And *Kettle-Drums*, whoſe ſullen Dub
Sounds like the hooping of a Tub:
But when the Sight appear'd in view,
They found it was an Antick Show;
A *Triumph*, that for Pomp and State,
Did proudeſt *Romans* emulate;
For as the *Aldermen* of *Rome*
Their Foes at Training overcome,
And not enlarging *Territory*,
(As ſome miſtaken write in *Story*)
Being mounted in their beſt Array,
Upon a *Carre*, and who but they?
And follow'd with a World of Tall-*Lads*,
That merry *Ditties* troll'd, and *Ballads*,

Did

Did ride with many a Good-morrow,
Crying, *hey for our Town*, thro' the *Burrough*;
So when this *Triumph* drew so nigh,
They might particulars descry,
They never saw two things so pat,
In all respects, as This and That.
First, He that led the *Cavalcade*,
Wore a Sow-gelder's *Flagellat*,
On which he blew as strong a *Levet*,
As well-fee'd *Lawyer* on his *Breviate*;
When over one another's Heads
They charge (three Ranks at once) like *Swedes*.
Next *Pans*, and *Kettles* of all Keys,
From *Trebles* down to *double Base*.
And after them upon a *Nag*,
That might pass for a forehand Stag,
A *Cornet* rode, and on his Staff
A Smock display'd did proudly wave:
Then *Bagpipes* of the lowdest Drones,
With snuffling broken-winded Tones;
Whose blasts of Air in Pockets shut,
Sound filthier than from the Gut,

And made a viler Noiſe than *Swine*
In windy Weather when they whine.
Next, one upon a pair of *Panniers*,
Full fraught with that which for good manners
Shall here be nameleſs, mixt with *Grains*,
Which he diſpens'd amongſt the *Swains*,
And buſily upon the Crowd
At random round about beſtow'd.
Then mounted on a horned *Horſe*,
One bore a *Gauntlet* and *Gilt Spurs*,
Ty'd to the *Pummel* of a long *Sword*
He held reverſt, the Point turn'd downward.
Next after, on a raw-bon'd Steed,
The Conq'ror's *Standard-bearer* rid,
And bore aloft before the *Champion*
A *Petticoat* diſplay'd, and rampant;
Near whom the *Amazon* triumphant
Beſtrid her *Beaſt*, and on the *Rump* on't
Set *Face* to *Tail*, and *Bum* to *Bum*,
The *Warriour* whilome overcome;
Arm'd with a *Spindle* and a *Diſtaff*,
Which as he rode ſhe made him twiſt off;

And

And whan he loiter'd, o'er her Shoulder
Chaſtiz'd the *Reformado* Soldier,
Before the Dame, and round about,
March'd *Whifflers*, and *Staffiers* on foot,
With *Lackies*, *Grooms*, *Valets* and *Pages*,
In fit and proper Equipages?
Of whom ſome Torches bore, ſome Links,
Before the proud *Virago*, *Minx*,
That was both *Madam*, and a Don,
Like *Nero*'s *Sporus*, or *Pope Joan*;
And at fit Periods the whole Rout
Set up their Throats with clam'rous ſhout.
The *Knight* tranſported, and the *Squire*,
Put up their Weapons and their Ire;
And *Hudibras*, who us'd to ponder
On ſuch Sights, with judicious wonder,
Could hold no longer to impart
His *Animadverſions*, for his Heart.

Quoth he, In all my Life till now
I ne'er ſaw ſo Prophane a *Show*,
It is a *Paganiſh* Invention,
Which *Heathen* Writers often mention:

And

And he who made it had read *Goodwin*
Or *Roſs*, or *Cælius Rodigine*:
With all the *Grecians*, *Speeds* and *Stows*,
That beſt deſcribe thoſe Ancient Shows;
And has obſerv'd all fit *Decorums*
We find deſcrib'd by old *Hiſtor'ans*:
For as a *Roman Conquerour*,
That put an end to Foreign *War*,
Ent'ring the *Town* in Triumph for it,
Bore a Slave with him in his Char'ot:
So this inſulting *Female Brave*
Carries behind her here a *Slave*;
And as the *Ancients* long ago,
When they in Field defy'd the Foe,
Hung out their *Mantles Della Guerre*;
So her proud *Standard-bearer* here
Waves on his Spear, in dreadful manner,
A *Tyrian-Petticoat* for a *Banner*:
Next Links, and Torches, heretofore
Still born before the *Emperor*:
And as in *Antick Triumphs*, *Eggs*
Were born for myſtical Intrigues;

There's

There's one with Truncheon, like a Ladle,
That carries *Eggs* too, freſh or addle;
And ſtill at random, as he goes,
Among the Rabble-rout beſtows.
Quoth *Ralpho*, You miſtake the matter;
For all th' *Antiquity* you ſmatter,
Is but a *Riding*, us'd of courſe,
When the *Grey Mare's the better Horſe*;
When o'er the Breeches greedy *Women*
Fight, to extend their vaſt *Dominion*;
And in the cauſe Impatient *Grizel*
Has drubb'd her Husband with *Bull's Pizzle*,
And brought him under *Covert-Baron*,
To turn her *Vaſſal* with a *Murrain*;
When Wives their Sexes ſhift, like *Hares*,
And ride their Husbands, like *Night-Mares*,
And they, in mortal *Battel* vanquiſh'd,
Are of their *Charter* diſ-enfranchis'd,
And by the right of War, like *Gills*,
Condemn'd to *Diſtaff*, *Horns* and *Wheels*;
For when Men by their Wives are cow'd,
Their *Horns* of courſe are underſtood.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, Thou ſtill giv'ſt Sentence
Impertinently, and againſt Sence:
'Tis not the leaſt diſparagement,
To be defeated by th' event;
Nor to be beaten by main *force*,
That does not make a *Man* the worſe,
Altho' his Shoulders with *Battoon*
Be claw'd and cudgel'd to ſome tune;
A *Taylor*'s Prentice has no hard
Meaſure, that's bang'd with a true Yard;
But to turn *Tail*, or run away,
And without blows give up the Day;
Or to ſurrender e'er th' *Aſſault*,
That's no Man's Fortune but his Fault;
And renders Men of *Honour* leſs
Than all th' *Adverſ'ty* of Succeſs;
And only unto ſuch this Shew
Of *Horns* and *Petticoats* is due.
There is a leſſer *Profanation*,
Like that the *Romans* call'd *Ovation*;
For as *Ovation* was allow'd
For *Conqueſt*, purchas'd without blood;

So

So Men decree thoſe leſſer Shows,
For *Vict'ry* gotten without blows,
By dint of ſharp hard *words*, which ſome
Give *Battel* with, and overcome;
Theſe mounted in a *Chair Curule*,
Which *Moderns* call a *Cucking-ſtool*;
March proudly to the River's ſide,
And o'er the *Waves* in *Triumph* ride;
Like Dukes of *Venice*, who are ſaid
The *Adriatick Sea* to wed;
And have a gentler *Wife* than thoſe
For whom the *State* decrees thoſe Shows.
But both are *Heatheniſh*, and come
From th' Wores of *Babylon*, and *Rome*;
And by the *Saints* ſhould be withſtood,
As *Antichriſtian* and *Lewd*,
And we, as ſuch, ſhould now contribute
Our utmoſt *ſtrugling* to prohibite.

This ſaid, they both advanc'd and *rode*
A *Dog-trot* through the bawling Crowd,
T' attack the *Leader*, and ſtill preſt,
Till they approach him *breaſt* to *breaſt*:

Then

Then *Hudibras* with Face and Hand
Made ſigns for *Silence*; which obtain'd.
What means (quoth he) this Dev'l's *Proceſſion*
With Men of *Orthodox* Profeſſion?
'Tis *Ethnick* and *Idolatrous*,
From *Heatheniſm* deriv'd to us.
Does not the Whore of *Bab'lon* ride
Upon her *Horned Beaſt* aſtride,
Like this proud *Dame*, who either is
A Type of her, or ſhe of this?
Are things of Superſtitious *Function*
Fit to be us'd in *Goſpel-Sunſhine*?
It is an *Antichriſtian Opera*,
Much us'd in Midnight times of *Popery*;
A running after Self-inventions
Of wicked and profane *Intentions*;
To ſcandalize that *Sex*, for ſcolding,
To whom the *Saints* are ſo beholden.
Women, who were our firſt *Apoſtles*,
Without whoſe aid w' had all been loſt elſe;
Women, that left no Stone unturn'd,
In which the *Cauſe* might be concern'd,

Brought in their Childrens *Spoons* and *Whiſtles*,
To purchaſe *Swords*, *Carbines*, and *Piſtols*:
Their Husbands, *Cullies*, and *Sweet-hearts*,
To take the *Saints* and *Church*'s Parts;
Drew ſev'ral gifted *Brethren* in,
That for the *Biſhops* would have been,
And fix'd 'em conſtant to the *Party*,
With Motives *powerful* and *hearty*:
Their Husbands robb'd, and made hard ſhifts
T' adminiſter unto their *Gifts*
All they could rap and rend, and pilfer,
To Scraps and Ends of Gold and Silver;
Rubb'd down the *Teachers*, tir'd and ſpent
With holding forth for *Parl'ament*;
Pamper'd and edify'd their *Zeal*
With *Marrow-puddings* many a Meal;
Enabled them with ſtore of Meat,
On controverted *Points* to eat;
And cramm'd 'em till their *Guts* did ake,
With *Cawdle*, *Cuſtard*, and *Plumb-cake*.
What have they done, or what left undone,
That might advance the *Cauſe* at *London*?

March'd

March'd Rank and File, with *Drum* and *Enſign*,
T' entrench the *City* for Defence in?
Rais'd *Rampiers* with their own ſoft Hands,
To put the Enemy to ſtands;
From *Ladies* down to *Oyſter-Wenches*
Labour'd like *Pioneers* in *Trenches*,
Fell to their *Pick-Axes* and *Tools*,
And help'd the Men to dig like *Moles*?
Have not the *Handmaids* of the *City*
Choſe of their Members a *Committee*,
For raiſing of a *Common Purſe*
Out of their Wages to raiſe *Horſe*?
And do they not as *Triers* ſit
To judge what *Officers* are fit?
Have they ——? At that an *Egg* let fly
Hit him directly o'er the Eye,
And running down his Cheek, beſmear'd
With Orange tawny-ſlime his *Beard*;
But *Beard* and Slime being of one Hue,
The *Wound* the leſs appear'd in view.
Then he that on the *Panniers* rode
Let fly on t' other ſide a Load;

And quickly charg'd again, gave fully
In *Ralpho*'s Face another *Volley*.
The *Knight* was ſtartled with the Smell,
And for his *Sword* began to feel:
And *Ralpho*, ſmother'd with the ſtink,
Graſp'd his; when one that bore a *Link*,
O' th' ſudden clapp'd his flaming Cudgel,
Like *Linſtock*, to the Horſe's *touch-hole*;
And ſtreight another with his *Flambeaux*,
Gave *Ralpho* o'er the Eyes a damn'd blow.
The *Beaſts* began to kick and fling,
And forc'd the Rout to make a Ring.
Thro' which they quickly broke their way,
And brought them off from farther fray;
And though diſorder'd in Retreat,
Each of them ſtoutly kept his Seat:
For quitting both their *Swords* and *Reins*,
They graſp'd with all their ſtrength the *Manes*;
And to avoid the *Foe*'s purſuit,
With ſpurring put their Cattel to't;
And till all four were out of wind,
And Danger too, ne'er look'd behind.

After

After th' had paus'd a while, ſupplying
Their *Spirits*, ſpent with fight and flying,
And *Hudibras* recruited force
Of Lungs for *Action*, or *Diſcourſe*.
Quoth he, That Man is ſure to loſe,
That fouls his *Hands* with dirty Foes:
For where no *Honour*'s to be gain'd,
'Tis thrown away in b'ing maintain'd.
'Twas ill for us, we had to do
With ſo diſhon'rable a Foe;
For though the *Law of Arms* doth bar
The uſe of venom'd ſhot in *War*,
Yet by the nauſeous ſmell, and noiſome,
Their *Caſe-ſhot* ſavours ſtrong of *Poiſon*;
And doubtleſs has been chew'd with Teeth
Of ſome that had a *ſtinking Breath*:
Elſe when we put it to the puſh,
They had not giv'n us ſuch a bruſh.
But as thoſe *Pultroons* that fling Dirt,
Do but defile, but cannot hurt;
So all the *Honour* they have won,
Or we have loſt, is much at one.

'Twas well we made ſo reſolute,
A brave Retreat, without Purſuit;
For if we had not, we had ſped
Much worſe, to be in Triumph led;
Than which the *Ancients* held no ſtate
Of Man's Life more unfortunate.
But if this bold *Adventure* e'er
Do chance to reach the *Widow*'s Ear,
It may, b'ing deſtin'd to aſſert
Her *Sex's Honour*, reach her Heart.
And as ſuch homely Treats (they ſay)
Portend good *Fortune*, ſo this may.
Veſpaſian being dawb'd with Dirt,
Was deſtin'd to the Empire for't;
And from a Scavinger did come
To be a mighty Prince in *Rome*:
And why may not this foul Addreſs
Preſage in Love the ſame Succeſs?
Then let us ſtraight to cleanſe our Wounds,
Advance in queſt of neareſt *Ponds*;
And after (as we firſt *deſign'd*)
Swear I've perform'd what ſhe enjoyn'd.

The ARGUMENT of the THIRD *CANTO.*

The Knight, *with various Doubts poſſeſt,*
To win the Lady *goes in Queſt*
Of Sidrophel, *the* Roſy-Crucian,
To know the Deſt'nies Reſolution;
With whom being met, they both chop Logick,
About the Science Aſtrologick;
Till falling from Diſpute to fight,
The Conjurer's *worſted by the* Knight.

CANTO III.

DOubtleſs the Pleaſure is as great
Of being *cheated*, as to *cheat*;
As Lookers on feel moſt Delight,
That leaſt perceive a *Jugler*'s Slight;
And ſtill the leſs they underſtand,
The more th' admire his Slight of Hand.

Some with a Noiſe, and greaſie Light,
Are ſnapt, as Men catch *Larks* by Night;
Enſnar'd and hamper'd by the *Soul*,
As Nooſes by the *Legs* catch *Fowl*.
Some with a *Med'cine*, and *Receipt*,
Are drawn to nibble at the *Bait*;
And though it be a two-foot *Trout*,
'Tis with a ſingle Hair pull'd out.

Others believe no *Voice* t' an *Organ*,
So ſweet as *Lawyer*'s in his *Bar-gown*;
Until with ſubtil Cobweb-cheats,
Th' are catch'd in knotted *Law*, like *Nets*:
In which, when once they are imbrangled,
The more they ſtir, the more they're tangled;
And while their *Purſes* can diſpute,
There's no End of th' immortal Suit.

Others ſtill gape t' anticipate
The Cabinet-Deſigns of *Fate*,
Apply to *Wizards*, to fore-ſee
What ſhall, and what ſhall never be.
And, as thoſe *Vultures* do fore-bode,
Believe Events prove *bad*, or *good*.

A ſlam more ſenſeleſs than the Rog'ry
Of old *Aruſpicy* and *Aug'ry*,
That out of *Garbages* of *Cattel*,
Preſag'd th' Events of *Truce*, or *Battel*:
From flight of *Birds*, or *Chickens pecking*,
Succeſs of great'ſt *Attempts* would reckon;
Though *Cheats*, yet more intelligible,
Than thoſe that with the *Stars* do fribble.
This *Hudibras* by Proof found true,
As in due time and place we'll ſhew:
For he with *Beard* and *Face* made clean,
B'ing mounted on his *Steed* agen;
(And *Ralpho* got a cock-horſe too
Upon his *Beaſt* with much ado,)
Advanc'd on for the *Widow*'s Houſe,
T' acquit himſelf, and pay his *Vows*;
When various *Thoughts* began to buſtle,
And with his inward Man to juſtle.
He thought what *Danger* might accrue,
If he ſhould find he *ſwore* untrue:
Or, if his *Squire* or he ſhould fail,
And not be punct'al in their *Tale*;

It might at once the Ruin prove
Both of his *Honour*, *Faith*, and *Love*.
But if he ſhould forbear to go,
She might conclude h' had broke his *Vow*:
And that he durſt not now for Shame
Appear in *Court* to try his *Claim*.
This was the Pen'worth of his *Thought*,
To paſs *Time* and uneaſie *Trot*.
Quoth he, in all my paſt *Adventures*,
I ne'er was ſet ſo on the Tenters.
Or taken tardy with *Dilemma*,
That ev'ry way I turn does hem me;
And with inextricable Doubt,
Beſets my puzzled *Wits* about:
For though the *Dame* has been my Bail,
To free me from enchanted *Gaol*,
Yet as a *Dog*, committed cloſe
For ſome Offence, by chance breaks looſe,
And quits his *Clog*; but all in vain,
He ſtill draws after him his *Chain*;
So though my *Ankle* ſhe has quitted,
My *Heart* continues ſtill committed.

And

And like a *Bail'd* and *Main-priz'd Lover*,
Although at large I am bound over.
And when I ſhall appear in *Court*
To plead my *Cauſe*, and anſwer for't,
Unleſs the *Judge* do partial prove,
What will become of *Me* and *Love*?
For if in our Account we vary,
Or but in *Circumſtance* miſcarry;
Or if ſhe put me to ſtrict Proof,
And make me pull my *Doublet* off,
To ſhew by evident Record
Writ on my Skin, I've kept my word,
How can I e'er expect to have her,
Having demurr'd unto her Favour;
But *Faith*, and *Love* and *Honour* loſt,
Shall be reduc'd t' a *Knight o' th' Poſt*?
Beſide, that *Stripping* may prevent
What I'm to prove by *Argument*;
And juſtify I have a *Tail*,
And that way too, my *Proof* may fail.
Oh! that I could enucleate,
And ſolve the *Problems* of my *Fate*;

Or find by *Necromantick Art*,
How far the *Deſt'nies* take my Part;
For if I were not more than certain
To *win*, and *wear* her, and her *Fortune*,
I'd go no farther in this *Courtſhip*;
To hazard *Soul*, *Eſtate*, and *Worſhip*,
For though an *Oath* obliges not,
Where any thing is to be got,
(As thou haſt prov'd,) yet 'tis *profane*,
And *ſinful*, when Men *ſwear* in *vain*.
Quoth *Ralph*, Not far from hence doth dwell
A cunning Man, hight *Sidrophel*,
That deals in *Deſtinies* dark *Counſels*,
And ſage *Opinions* of the *Moon* ſells;
To whom all *People* far and near,
On deep Importances repair;
When *Braſs* and *Pewter* hap to ſtray,
And *Linen* ſlinks out of the way:
When *Geeſe* and *Pullen* are ſeduc'd,
And *Sows* of Sucking *Pigs* are chous'd;
When *Cattel* feel Indiſpoſition,
And need th' Opinion of *Phyſician*;

When

When *Murrain* reigns in *Hogs* or *Sheep*,
And *Chickens* languiſh of the *Pip*;
When *Yeaſt* and outward Means do *fail*,
And have no Pow'r to work on *Ale*;
When *Butter* does refuſe to come,
And *Love* proves *croſs* and *humourſome*;
To him with *Queſtions*, and with *Urine*,
They for Diſcov'ry flock, or *Curing*.
Quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sidrophel*
I've heard of, and ſhould like it well;
If thou can'ſt prove the *Saints* have freedom
To go to *Sorc'rers* when they need 'em.
Says *Ralpho*, There's no doubt of that;
Thoſe *Principles* I quoted late,
Prove that the *Godly* may alledge
For any thing their *Privilege*;
And to the Dev'l himſelf may go,
If they have *Motives* thereunto.
For as there is a *War* between
The *Dev'l* and *them*, it is no *Sin*,
If they by ſubtil Stratagem
Make uſe of *him*, as he does *them*.

Has

Has not this preſent *Parl'ament*
A *Ledger* to the *Devil* ſent,
Fully empower'd to treat about
Finding revolted *VVitches* out?
And has not he within a Year
Hang'd threeſcore of 'em in one *Shire*?
Some only for not being *drown'd*,
And ſome for ſitting above ground
Whole *Days* and *Nights*, upon their Breeches,
And feeling pain, were hang'd for *Witches*.
And ſome for putting *Knaviſh* Tricks
Upon *Green-Geeſe*, and *Turky-Chicks*,
Or *Pigs*, that ſuddenly deceaſt
Of Griefs unat'ral, as he gueſt;
Who after prov'd himſelf a *Witch*,
And made a Rod for his own *Breech*.
Did not the Devil appear to *Martin*
Luther in *Germany*, for certain?
And would have gull'd him with a Trick,
But *Mart.* was too too *Politick*?
Did he not help the *Dutch* to purge
At *Antwerp* their *Cathedral* Church?

Sing

Sing Catches to the *Saints* at *Maſcon*,
And tell them all they came to ask him?
Appear in divers ſhapes to *Kelly*?
And ſpeak i'th' *Nun* at *Loudon*'s Belly?
Meet with the *Parliament's Committee*
At *Woodſtock* on a Pers'nal Treaty?
At *Sarum* take a *Cavalier*
I' th' *Cauſe*'s Service *Priſoner*.
As *Withers* in immortal Rhime
Has regiſter'd to after-time:
Do not our great *Reformers* uſe
This *Sidrophel* to fore-bode *News*:
To write of *Victories* next Year,
And *Caſtles* taken yet i' th' *Air*?
Of Battels fought at *Sea*, and Ships
Sunk two Years hence, the laſt Eclipſe?
A Total overthrow giv'n the *King*
In *Cornwal*, *Horſe* and *Foot*, next Spring;
And has not he Point-blank foretold
Whatse'er the cloſe *Committee* would:
Made *Mars* and *Saturn* for the *Cauſe*,
The *Moon* for fundamental *Laws*?

The

The *Ram*, and *Bull*, and *Goat* declare
Againſt the Book of *Common-Pray'r*?
The *Scorpion* take the *Proteſtation*,
And *Bear* engage for *Reformation*;
Made all the *Royal Stars* recant,
Compound and take the *Covenant*?
Quoth *Hudibras*, The Caſe is clear,
The *Saints* m' employ a *Conjurer*;
As thou haſt prov'd it by their *Practice*,
No Argument like Matter of Fact is,
And we are beſt of all led to
Men's *Principles* by what they do;
Then let us ſtraight advance in queſt
Of this profound *Gymnoſophiſt*,
And as the *Fates* and *he* adviſe
Purſue, or wave this *Enterprize*.
This ſaid, he turn'd about his Steed,
And eftſoons on th' Adventure rid,
Where leave we *Him* and *Ralph* a while,
And to th' *Conj'rer* turn our Stile,
To let our *Reader* underſtand
What's uſeful of him, before-hand.

He had been long t'wards *Mathematicks*,
Opticks, *Philoſophy*, and *Staticks*,
Magick, *Horoſcopy*, *Aſtrology*,
And was *old Dog* at *Phiſiology*;
But, as a *Dog* that turns the Spit,
Beſtirs himſelf, and plies his Feet
To climb the *Wheel*, but all in vain,
His own Weight brings him down again:
And ſtill he's in the ſelf-ſame place
Where at his ſetting out he was.
So in the *Circle* of the *Arts*
Did he advance his Nat'ral Parts;
Till falling back ſtill for Retreat,
He fell to *Juggle*, *Cant*, and *Cheat*:
For as thoſe *Fowls* that live in Water
Are never wet, he did but ſmatter;
VVhat e'er he labour'd to appear,
His Underſtanding ſtill was clear.
Yet none a deeper Knowledge boaſted,
Since old *Hodg-Bacon*, and *Bob Groſted*.
Th' *Intelligible VVorld* he knew,
And all Men dream on't, to be true:

That in this *World* there's not a *Wart*
That has not there a Counterpart;
Nor can there on the *face* of Ground
An Individual *Beard* be found,
That has not in that Foreign *Nation*
A Fellow of the ſelf-ſame Faſhion;
So *cut*, ſo *colour'd* and ſo *curl'd*,
As thoſe are in th' *Inferior World*.
H' had read *Dee*'s Prefaces before,
The *Dev'l* and *Euclide* o'er and o'er;
And all th' *Intrigues* 'twixt him and *Kelley*,
Leſcus and th' *Emperor* would tell ye;
But with the *Moon* was more familiar
Than e'er was *Almanack well-willer*.
Her Secrets underſtood ſo clear,
That ſome believ'd he had been there;
Knew when ſhe was in fitteſt Mood,
For cutting *Corns*, or letting *Blood*;
When for anointing *Scabs* or *Itches*,
Or to the *Bum* applying *Leeches*;
When *Sows* and *Bitches* may be ſpay'd
And in what Sign beſt *Cyder*'s made;

Whether

Whether the *Wane* be, or *Increaſe*,
Beſt to ſet *Garlick*, or ſow *Peaſe*.
Who firſt found out the *Man i' th' Moon*,
That to the *Ancients* was unknown;
How many *Dukes*, and *Earls*, and *Peers*,
Are in the *Planetary Spheres*;
Their *Airy Empire*, and Command,
Their ſev'ral ſtrengths by Sea and Land;
What Factions th' have, and what they drive at
In publick Vogue, or what in private;
With what Deſigns and Intereſts
Each *Party* manages Conteſts.
He made an *Inſtrument* to know
If the *Moon* ſhine at Full or no;
That would, as ſoon as e'r ſhe ſhone ſtrait
Whether 'twere Day or Night demonſtrate;
Tell what her *D'ameter* t' an Inch is,
And prove ſhe is not made of *Green-Cheeſe*.
It would demonſtrate, that the *Man in*
The Moon's a *Sea Mediterranean*.
And that it is no *Dog* or *Bitch*,
That ſtands behind him at his Breech;

But a huge *Caſpian Sea*, or *Lake*
With *Arms*, which Men for *Legs* miſtake;
How large a *Gulph* his Tail compoſes,
And what a goodly *Bay* his Noſe is;
How many *German* Leagues by th' Scale
Cape-Snout's from *Promontory-Tail.*
He made a *Planetary Gin*
VVhich *Rats* would run their own heads in,
And come on purpoſe to be taken,
Without th' Expence of Cheeſe or Bacon
With *Lute-ſtrings* he would counterfeit
Maggots that crawl on Diſh of Meat;
Quote Moles and Spots on any Place
O' th' Body, by the *Index Face*:
Detect loſt *Maiden-heads*, by ſneezing,
Or breaking wind of *Dames*, or piſſing.
Cure *Warts* and *Corns*, with application
Of *Medicines* to th' *Imagination*;
Fright *Agues* into *Dogs*, and ſcare
VVith *Rhimes* the *Tooth-ach*, and *Catarrh.*
Chaſe evil *Spirits* away by dint
Of *Cickle-Horſhoe*, *Hollow-ſtint*,

Spit Fire out of a *Walnut-ſhell*,
Which made the *Roman* Slaves rebel.
And fire a Mine in *China* here
With Sympathetick *Gun-powder*.
He knew whats'ever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own.
What *Med'cine* 'twas that *Paracelſus*
Could make a Man with, as he tells us;
What figur'd *Slates* are beſt to make
On watry Surface *Duck* or *Drake*.
VVhat *Bowling-ſtones* in running Race
Upon a *Board* have ſwifteſt pace.
VVhether a *Pulſe* beat in the black
Liſt of a dapled *Louſe*'s Back:
If *Syſtole* or *Diaſtole* move
Quickeſt when he's in Wrath or Love:
VVhen two of them do run a Race,
VVhether they *Gallop*, *Trot*, or *Pace*.
How many Scores a *Flea* will jump,
Of his own Length from Head to Rump;
VVhich *Socrates* and *Chærephon*
In vain aſſay'd ſo long agon;

Whether his *Snout* a perfect *Noſe* is,
And not an Elephant's *Proboſcis*;
How many different *Species*
Of Maggots breed in rotten Cheeſe;
And which are next of kin to thoſe
Engender'd in a *Chandler*'s Noſe;
Or thoſe not ſeen but underſtood,
That live in *Vinegar* and *Wood*:
A paltry Wretch he had half-ſtarv'd,
That him in place of *Zany* ſerv'd;
Hight *Whachum*, bred to daſh and draw,
Not *Wine*, but more unwholſome *Law*:
To make 'twixt Words and Lines huge Gaps,
Wide as *Meridians* in Maps.
To ſquander Paper, and ſpare Ink,
Or cheat Men of their Words ſome think;
From this by merited Degrees,
He'd to more high Advancement riſe:
To be an under-*Conjurer*,
Or Journey-man *Aſtrologer*;
His bus'neſs was to pump and wheedle,
And Men with their own Keys unriddle.

To

To make them to themſelves give Anſwers,
For which they pay the *Necromancers*.
To fetch and carry *Intelligence*,
Of whom, and what, and where, and whence;
And all *Diſcoveries* diſperſe,
Among th' whole *pack* of *Conjurers*;
What *Cut-purſes* have left with them,
For the right Owners to redeem;
And what they dare not vent, find out,
To gain themſelves and th' *Art* Repute;
Draw *Figures*, *Schemes*, and *Horoſcopes*,
Of *Newgate*, *Bridewell*, *Brokers* Shops;
Of Thieves *aſcendant* in the *Cart*,
And find out all by Rules of *Art*.
Which way a Serving-man that's run
With Cloaths or Money, away is gone;
Who pick'd a *Fob* at *Holding-forth*,
And where a *Watch*, for half the worth
May be redeem'd, or ſtollen Plate
Reſtor'd at Conſcionable Rate.
Beſide all this, he ſerv'd his *Maſter*
In quality of *Poetaſter*:

And *Rhimes* appropriate could make,
To ev'ry Month i' th' *Almanack*;
When *Terms* begin and end, could tell,
With their *Returns* in *Doggerel*.
When the *Exchequer* opes and ſhuts,
And *Sowgelder* with ſafety cuts.
When Men may eat and drink their fill,
And when be temp'rate if they will.
When uſe, and when abſtain from Vice,
Figs, *Grapes*, *Phlebotomy*, and *Spice*.
And as in *Priſons* mean Rogues beat
Hemp for the Service of the *Great*,
So *Whachum* beat his dirty Brains
T' advance his Maſter's Fame and Gains;
And like the Devil's *Oracles*,
Put into *Doggrel-Rhimes* his *Spells*,
Which over ev'ry Month's Blank-page
I' th' *Almanack* ſtrange *Bilks* preſage.
He would an *Elegy* compoſe
On Maggots ſqueez'd out of his Noſe;
In *Lyrick* Numbers write an *Ode* on
His Miſtreſs, eating a Black-pudden;

And

And when impriſon'd Air eſcap'd her,
It puſt him with *Poetick Rapture*.
His *Sonnets* charm'd th' attentive Crowd,
By wide-mouth'd mortal troll'd aloud,
That, circled with his long-ear'd Gueſts,
Like *Orpheus* look'd, among the Beaſts;
A *Carman*'s Horſe could not paſs by,
But ſtood ty'd up to *Poetry*;
No Porter's *Burthen* paſs'd along,
But ſerv'd for *Burthen* to his Song.
Each Window, like a *Pill'ry*, appears,
With Heads thruſt through nail'd by the Ears;
All Trades run in as to the ſight
Of Monſters, or their dear delight
The *Gallow-Tree*, when cutting Purſe,
Breeds Bus'neſs for *Heroick* Verſe,
Which none does hear, but would have hung
T' been the *Theme* of ſuch a *Song*.
Thoſe two together long had liv'd,
In *Manſion* prudently contriv'd;
Where neither Tree, nor Houſe could bar
The free Detection of a *Star*;

And

And nigh an *Ancient Obelisk*
Was rais'd by him, found out by *Fisk*,
On which was written not in Words,
But *Hieroglyphick* Mute of *Birds*,
Many rare pithy Saws concerning
The worth of *Aſtrologick* Learning:
From top of this there hung a *Rope*,
To which he faſt'ned *Teleſcope*;
The *Spectacles* with which the *Stars*
He reads in ſmalleſt *Characters*.
It hapned as a *Boy* one Night,
Did flie his *Tarſel* of a *Kite*;
The ſtrangeſt long-wing'd *Hawk* that flies,
That like a Bird of *Paradiſe*,
Or *Herald*'s Martlet has no *Legs*,
Nor hatches young ones, nor lays *Eggs*:
His *Train* was ſix yards long, Milk-white,
At th' end of which there hung a *Light*,
Enclos'd in *Lanthorn* made of *Paper*,
That far off like a *Star* did appear.
This *Sydrophel* by chance eſpy'd,
And with Amaſement ſtaring wide,

Bleſs

Bleſs us, quoth he! What dreadful Wonder
Is that appears in *Heaven* yonder?
A *Comet*, and without a *Beard*,
Or *Star* that ne'er before appear'd?
I'm certain 'tis not in the *Scrowl*
Of all thoſe Beaſts, and Fiſh, and Fowl,
With which, like *Indian Plantations*,
The Learned ſtock the *Conſtellations*;
Nor thoſe that drawn for *Signs* have been,
To th' *Houſes* where the *Planets* Inn.
It muſt be ſupernatural,
Unleſs it be the Cannon-Ball,
That ſhot i' th' Air point-blank upright,
Was born to that prodigious height,
That learn'd *Philoſophers* maintain,
It ne'er came backwards down again;
But in the *Airy Region* yet
Hangs like the Body of *Mahomet*:
For if it be above the Shade,
That by the *Earth*'s round bulk is made,
'Tis probable it may from far
Appear no Bullet, but a Star.

This

This ſaid, he to his Engine flew,
Plac'd near at hand in open view,
And rais'd it till it levell'd right,
Againſt the *Glow-worm* Tail of *Kite*.
Then peeping through (*Bleſs* us, quoth he)
It is a *Planet* now I ſee;
And if I err not, by his proper
Figure, that's like *Tobacco-ſtopper*,
It ſhould be *Saturn*; yes, 'tis clear
'Tis *Saturn*; But what makes him there?
He's got between the *Dragon*'s Tail,
And farther Leg behind o' th' *Whale*;
Pray *Heaven* divert the fatal Omen,
For 'tis a *Prodigy* not common;
And can no leſs than the *World*'s end,
Or *Nature*'s Funeral portend.
With that he fell again to pry,
Through *Perſpective* more wiſtfully,
When by miſchance the fatal ſtring
That kept the *Towring-Fowl* on wing,

Breaking

Breaking, down fell the Star: Well ſhot,
Quoth *Whachum*, who right wiſely thought
H' had levell'd at a Star, and hit it:
But *Sidrophel* more ſubtil-witted,
Cry'd out what horrible and fearful
Portent is this, to ſee a Star fall;
It threatens *Nature*, and the Doom
Will not be long before it come!
When Stars do fall 'tis plain enough
The *Day of Judgment*'s not far off:
As lately 'twas reveal'd to *Sedgwick*,
And ſome of us find out by *Magick*.
Then ſince the time we have to live
In this World's ſhorten'd, let us ſtrive
To make our beſt Advantage of it,
And pay our Loſſes with our Profit.
This Feat fell out not long before
The *Knight*, upon the fore-nam'd ſcore,
In queſt of *Sidrophel* advancing,
Was now in Proſpect of the *Manſion*:
Whom he diſcovering, turn'd his *Glaſs*,
And found far off 'twas *Hudibras*.

Whachum (quoth he) look yonder, ſome
To try or uſe our Art are come:
The one's the Learned *Knight*; ſeek out,
And pump 'em what they come about.
Whachum advanc'd with all ſubmiſſneſs,
T' accoſt 'em, but much more their buſ'neſs;
He held a Stirrup while the *Knight*
From *Leathern Bare-Bones* did alight,
And taking from his Hand the Bridle,
Approach'd the dark *Squire* to unriddle:
He gave him firſt the time o' th' Day,
And welcom'd him, *as he might ſay:*
He a'k'd 'em whence they came, and whither
Their buſ'neſs lay? Quoth *Ralpho*, hither;
Did you not loſe? — Quoth *Ralpho*, nay;
Quoth *Whachum*, Sir, I meant your *way?*
Your *Knight* --- Quoth *Ralpho*, is a *Lover:*
And pains intol'rable doth ſuffer;
For *Lovers* Hearts are not their own Hearts,
Nor Lights, nor Lungs, and ſoforth downwards.
What time, --- Quoth *Ralpho*, Sir, too long,
Three Years it off and on has hung ---

Quoth

Quoth he, I meant what time o' th' Day 'tis,
Quoth *Ralpho*, between ſeven and eight 'tis.
Why then (quoth *Whachum*) my ſmall *Art*
Tells me the *Dame* has a hard *Heart*,
Or great *Eſtate* — Quoth *Ralph*, a *Jointure*,
Which makes him have ſo hot a mind t'her.
Mean while the Knight was making Water,
Before he fell upon the matter;
Which having done, the *Wizard* ſteps in,
To give him ſuitable Reception;
But kept his buſ'neſs at a *Bay*,
Till *Whachum* put him in the way;
Who having now by *Ralpho*'s light,
Expounded the Errand of the *Knight*;
And what he came to know, drew near,
To whiſper in the *Conj'rer*'s Ear,
Which he prevented thus: What was't,
Quoth he, that I was ſaying laſt,
Before theſe *Gentlemen* arriv'd,
Quoth *Whachum*, *Venus* you retriev'd,
In oppoſition with *Mars*,
And no benign friendly Stars

To

T' allay th' Effect. Quoth *VVizard*, So!
In *Virgo?* Ha! quoth *VVhachum*, No:
Has *Saturn* nothing to do in it?
One tenth of's *Circle* to a minute.
'Tis well, quoth he—Sir, you'll excuſe
This Rudeneſs I am forc'd to uſe;
It is a *Scheme* and *Face* of *Heaven*
As th' *Aſpects* are diſpos'd this *Even*,
I was contemplating upon
When you arriv'd; but now I've done.
Quoth *Hudibras*, If I appear
Unſeaſonable in coining here
At ſuch a time, to interrupt
Your *Speculations* which I hop'd
Aſſiſtance from, and come to uſe,
Tis fit that I ask your excuſe.
By no means, Sir, quoth *Sidrophel*,
The Stars your coming did foretel;
I did expect you here, and knew
Before you ſpake your Buſ'neſs too.

Quoth

Quoth *Hudibras*, Make that appear,
And I ſhall credit whatſoe'er
You tell me after on your Word,
Howe'er unlikely, or abſurd.
You are in *Love*, Sir, with a *Widow*,
Quoth he, that does not greatly heed you,
And for three Years has rid your *Wit*
And *Paſſion*, without drawing *Bit*:
And now your Bus'neſs is to know
If you ſhall carry her or no.
Quoth *Hudibras*, You're in the right,
But how the *Devil* you came by't
I can't imagine; for the *Stars*
I'm ſure can tell no more than *Horſe*;
Nor can their Aſpects (though you pore
Your Eyes out on 'em) tell you more
Than th' *Oracle* of *Sieve* and *Shears*;
That turns as certain as the *Spheres*,
But if the *Devil's* of your Counſel,
Much may be done, my noble *Donzel*;
And 'tis on his Account I come
To know from you my fatal Doom.

Quoth *Sidrophel*, If you ſuppoſe,
Sir *Knight*, that I am one of thoſe,
I might ſuſpect, and take the *Alarm*,
Your Bus'neſs is but to inform;
But if it be, 'tis ne'er the near,
You have a *wrong Sow by the Ear*;
For I aſſure you, for my part,
I only deal by *Rules of Art*;
Such as are lawful, and judge by
Concluſions of *Aſtrology*:
But for the *Dev'l*, know nothing by him,
But only this, that I defie him.

Quoth he, whatever others deem ye,
I underſtand your *Metonymie*;
Your Words of ſecond-hand Intention,
When things by *wrongful Names* you mention,
The Myſtick Senſe of all your *Terms*,
That are indeed but *Magick Charms*,
To raiſe the Devil, and mean one thing,
And that is down-right *Conjuring*:
And in its ſelf more warrantable
That *Cheat*, or *Canting* to a *Rabble*,

Or putting *Tricks* upon the *Moon*,
Which by Confed'racy are done.
Your ancient *Conjurers* were wont
To make her from her Sphere diſmount,
And to their *Incantations* ſtoop,
They ſcorn'd to pore through *Teleſcope*,
Or idly play at Bo-peep with her,
To find out cloudy or fair Weather,
Which ev'ry *Almanack* can tell,
Perhaps as learnedly and well,
As you your ſelf——Then Friend, I dout,
You go the fartheſt way about:
Your Modern *Indian Magician*
Makes but a hole in th' Earth to piſs in,
And ſtraight reſolves all Queſtions by't,
And ſeldom fails to be i'th' right.
The *Roſy-crucian* ways more ſure
To bring the Devil to the Lure;
Each of 'em has a ſeveral Gin,
To catch *Intelligencies* in.
Some by the *Noſe* with Fumes trappan 'em,
As *Dunſtan* did the *Devil's Granam*;

Others with *Characters* and *Words*
Catch 'em as Men in *Nets* do *Birds*,
And ſome with *Symbols*, *Signs*, and *Tricks*,
Engrav'd in *Planetary* Nicks,
With their own Infl'ences will fetch 'em
Down from their Orbs, arreſt, and catch 'em;
Make 'em depoſe, and anſwer to
All *Queſtions*, e'er they let them go.
Bumbaſtus kept a *Devil's Bird*
Shut in the Pummel of his Sword,
That taught him all the cunning Pranks,
Of paſt and future *Mountebanks*.
Kelly did all his Feats upon
The *Devil's Looking-Glaſs*, a *Stone*,
Where playing with him at *Bo-peep*
He ſolv'd all *Problems* ne'er ſo deep.
Agrippa kept a *Stygian Pug*
I' th' Garb and Habit of a *Dog*,
That was his *Tutor*, and the *Cur*
Read to th' Occult *Philoſopher*,
And taught him ſubt'ly to maintain
All other *Sciences are vain*.

To

To this, quoth *Sidrophel*, Oh! Sir,
Agrippa was no *Conjurer*,
Nor *Paracelſus*, no nor *Behmen*;
Nor was the Dog a *Cacodæmon*,
But a true Dog that would ſhew Tricks
For th' *Emperor*, and leap o'er Sticks;
Would *fetch* and *carry*, was more civil
Than other Dogs, but yet no Devil:
And whatſoe'er he's ſaid to do,
He went the ſelf-ſame way we go.
As for the *Roſie Croſs Philoſophers*,
Whom you will have to be but *Sorc'rers*,
What they pretend to, is no more
Than *Triſmegiſtus* did before,
Pythagoras, old *Zoroaſter*,
And *Apollonius*, their Maſter:
To whom they do confeſs they owe
All that they do, and all they know.
Quoth *Hudibras*, Alas! what is't t'us:
Whether 'twere ſaid by *Triſmegiſtus*,
If it be *Nonſenſe*, *falſe*, or *myſtick*,
Or not *intelligible*, or *ſophiſtick*?

'Tis not *Antiquity*, nor *Author*;
That makes *truth truth*, altho' *time's Daughter*;
'Twas he that put her in the *Pit*,
Before he pull'd her out of it;
And as he eats his *Sons*, juſt ſo
He feeds upon his *Daughters* too:
Nor does it follow, 'cauſe a *Herald*
Can make a Gentleman, ſcarce a Year old,
To be deſcended of a Race
Of ancient *Kings* in a ſmall ſpace;
That we ſhould all Opinion hold
Authentick, that we can make old.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, It is no part
Of Prudence to cry down an *Art*.
And what it may perform deny,
Becauſe you underſtand not why.
(As *Averrhois* play'd but a mean trick,
To damn our whole *Art for Excentrick*,)
For who knows all that Knowledg contains?
Men dwell not on the *Tops* of *Mountains*,
But on their Side, or riſing's Seat;
So 'tis with Knowledge's vaſt Height.

Do not the *Hiſt'ries* of all *Ages*
Relate miraculous Preſages
Of ſtrange Turns in the *World*'s Affairs,
Forſeen b' *Aſtrologers*, *Southſayers*,
Caldeans, Learn'd *Genethliacks*,
And ſome that have writ *Almanacks*?
The *Medean* Emp'rour dreamt his Daughter
Had piſt all *Aſia* under Water,
And that a *Vine*, ſprung from her *Hanches*
O'er-ſpreed his *Empire* with its Branches;
And did not *Soothſayers* expound it,
As after by th' Event he found it?
When *Cæſar* in the Senate fell,
Did not the Sun eclips'd foretel,
And, in Reſentment of his Slaughter,
Look pale for almoſt a Year after?
Auguſtus having b' Overſight
Put on his Left Shoe 'fore his Right,
Had like to have been ſlain that Day
By *Soldiers* mutin'ing for Pay.
Are there not Myriads of this ſort,
Which Stories of all Times report?

Is it not om'nous in all *Countries*,
When *Crows* and *Ravens* croak upon Trees?
The *Roman Senate*, when within
The City-walls an *Owl* was ſeen,
Did cauſe their *Clergy* with *Luſtrations*,
(Our *Synod* calls *Humiliations*)
The round-fac'd *Prodigy* t' avert,
From doing *Town* and *Country* hurt.
And if an *Owl* have ſo much Pow'r,
VVhy ſhould not *Planets* have much more,
That in a *Region* far above
Inferiour Fowls of the *Air* move,
And ſhould ſee farther, and fore-know
More than their *Augury* below?
Though that once ſerv'd the *Polity*
Of mighty States to govern by;
And this is that we take in hand,
By pow'rful *Art* to underſtand;
VVhich how we have perform'd, all Ages
Can ſpeak th' *Events* of our Preſages;
Have we not lately in the *Moon*
Found a *New World* to th' *Old* unknown?

Diſ-

Diſcover'd *Sea* and *Land*, *Columbus*
And *Magellan* could never compaſs?
Made Mountains with our *Tubes* appear,
And Cattel grazing on 'em there?
Quoth *Hudibras*, You lie ſo ope,
That I, without a *Teleſcope*,
Can find your Tricks out, and deſcry
VVhere you tell Truth, and where you Lie;
For *Anaxagoras* long agone
Saw *Hills*, as well as you, i' th' *Moon*.
And held the *Sun* was but a piece
Of *Red-hot Iron*, as big as *Greece*;
Believ'd the Heavens were made of *Stone*,
Becauſe the *Sun* had voided one;
And, rather than he would recant
Th' *Opinion*, ſuffer'd Baniſhment.
But what, alas! is it to us,
VVhether i' th' *Moon* Men thus or thus
Do eat their *Porridge*, cut their Corns,
Or whether they have Tails or Horns?
VVhat *Trade* from thence can you advance,
But what we nearer have from *France*?

What

What can our *Travellers* bring home,
That is not to be learnt at *Rome*?
What *Politicks*, or ſtrange *Opinions*,
That are not in our own *Dominions*?
What *Science* can be brought from thence,
In which we do not here commence?
What Revelations, or Religions,
That are not in our Native *Regions*?
Are ſweating *Lanthorns*, or *Screen-fans*,
Made better there, than th' are in *France*?
Or do they teach to *ſing* and *play*
On th' *Gittar* there a newer way?
Can they make *Plays* there, that ſhall fit
The *publick Humour*, with leſs *Wit*;
Write *wittier Dances*, quainter Shows,
Or fight with more ingenious *Blows*?
Or does the *Man* i' th' *Moon* look big,
And wear a huger *Periwig*,
Shew in his Gate, or Face, more Tricks
Than our own *Native Lunaticks*:
But if w' out-do him here at home,
What Good of your Deſign can come?

As

As *Wind* i' th' *Hypochondres* pent,
Is but a Blaſt if downward ſent;
But if it upward chance to flie,
Becomes new *Light* and *Propheſie*:
So when your Speculations tend
Above their juſt and uſeful End,
Although they promiſe ſtrange and great
Diſcoveries of things far fet,
They are but idle *Dreams* and *Fancies*,
And ſavour ſtrongly of the *Ganzas*.
Tell me but what's the nat'ral Cauſe,
Why on a *Sign* no *Painter* draws
The *Full Moon* ever, but the *Half*;
Reſolve that with your *Jacob*'s-*Staff*;
Or why *Wolves* raiſe a Hubbub at her,
And *Dogs* howl when ſhe ſhines in Water,
And I ſhall freely give my Vote,
You may know ſomething more remote?
At this, deep *Sidrophel* look'd wiſe,
And ſtaring round with *Owl-like* Eyes,
He put his Face into a Poſture
Of *Sapience*, and began to bluſter;

For

For having three times ſhook his Head
To ſtir his Wit up, thus he ſaid:
Art has no mortal Enemies
Next *Ignorance*, but *Owls* and *Geeſe*;
Thoſe conſecrated Geeſe in Orders,
That to the *Capital* were *Warders*,
And being then upon *Patrol*
With Noiſe alone beat off the *Gaul*.
Or thoſe *Athenian Sceptick Owls*,
That will not credit their own *Souls*;
Or any *Science* underſtand,
Beyond the Reach of Eye or Hand:
But meas'ring all things by their own
Knowledge, hold Nothing's to be known,
Thoſe Whole-ſale *Criticks*, that in *Coffee-Houſes* cry down all *Philoſophy*,
And will not know upon what Ground
In *Nature* we our *Doctrine* found,
Although with pregnant Evidence
We can demonſtrate it to Senſe,
As I juſt now have done to you,
Foretelling what you came to know.

Where

Where the *Stars* only made to light
Robbers and Burglarers by Night?
To wait on *Drunkards*, *Thieves*, *Gold-finders*,
And *Lovers* ſolacing behind Doors,
Or giving one another Pledges
Of *Matrimony* under *Hedges*?
Or Witches *ſimpling*, and on *Gibbets*
Cutting from *Malefactors* Snippets;
Or from the *Pill'ry* Tips of Ears
Of Rebel-Saints and Perjurers?
Only to ſtand by, and look on,
But not know what is ſaid or done?
Is there a *Conſtellation* there,
That was not born and bred up here?
And therefore cannot be to learn,
In any inferiour Concern.
Were they not during all their Lives,
Moſt of 'em Pyrates, Whores, and Thieves?
And is it like they have not ſtill
In their old *Practices* ſome Skill?
Is there a *Planet* that by *Birth*
Does not derive its *Houſe* from *Earth*?

And

And therefore probably muſt know
What is, and hath been done below;
Who made the *Balance*, or whence came
The *Bull*, the *Lion* and the *Ram*?
Did not we here the *Argo* rig,
Make *Berenice*'s *Perriwig*:
Whoſe *Liv'ry* does the *Coachman* wear?
Or who made *Caſſiopeia*'s Chair?
And therefore as they came from hence,
With us may hold *Intelligence*.
Plato deny'd, The World can be
Govern'd without *Geometrie*;
(For Money b'ing the common Scale
Of things by Meaſure, Weight, and Tale;
In all th' Affairs of *Church* and *State*,
'Tis both the *Balance* and the *Weight*):
Then much leſs can it be without
Divine Aſtrology made out;
That puts the other down in Worth,
As far as *Heaven's* above the *Earth*.
Theſe Reaſons (quoth the *Knight*) I grant
Are ſomething more ſignificant

Than

Than any that the Learned uſe
Upon this *Subject* to produce;
And yet th' are far from ſatisfactory,
T' eſtabliſh, and keep up your *Factory*.
Th' *Egyptians* ſay, The Sun has twice,
Shifted his *Setting* and his *Riſe*;
Twice has he riſen in the *Weſt*,
As many times ſet in the *Eaſt*:
But whether that be true, or no,
The *Devil* any of you know.
Some hold the *Heavens*, like a *Top*,
Are kept by *Circulation* up;
And, were't not for their wheeling round,
They'd inſtantly fall to the Ground:
As ſage *Empedocles* of old,
And, from him *Modern* Authors hold,
Plato believ'd the *Sun* and *Moon*,
Below all other *Planets* run.
Some *Mercury*, ſome *Venus* ſeat,
Above the *Sun* himſelf in height,
The learned *Scaliger* complain'd
'Gainſt what *Copernicus* maintain'd,

That

That in twelve hundred Years and odd,
The *Sun* had left its ancient Road,
And nearer to the Earth is come
'Bove Fifty Thouſand Miles from home:
Swore 'twas a moſt notorious Flam,
And he that had ſo little Shame
To vent ſuch *Fopperies* abroad,
Deſerv'd to have his Rump well claw'd:
Which Monſieur *Bodin* hearing, ſwore
That he deſerv'd the *Rod* much more,
That durſt upon a *Truth* give doom,
He knew leſs than the *Pope* of *Rome*.
Cardan believ'd great States depend
Upon the Tip o' th' *Bear*'s Tail's End;
That as ſhe whisk'd it t'wards the Sun,
Strow'd mighty *Empires* up and down;
Which others ſay muſt needs be falſe,
Becauſe your true *Bears* have no Tails.
Some ſay the *Zodiack-Conſtellations*
Have long ſince chang'd their antique Stations
Above a *Sign*, and prove the ſame
In *Taurus* now, once in the *Ram*:

Affirm

Affirm the *Trigons* chop'd and chang'd,
The *Watry* with the *Fiery* rang'd;
Then how can their *Effects* ſtill hold
To be the ſame they were of old?
This, though the *Art* were true, would make
Our Modern *Soothſayers* miſtake;
And is one cauſe they tell more Lies,
In *Figures*, and *Nativities*,
Than th' old *Chaldean* Conjurers,
In ſo many hundred thouſand Years;
Beſide their Nonſenſe in tranſlating,
For want of *Accidence* and *Latin*,
Like *Idus* and *Calendæ*, Engliſht
The *Quarter-Days* by skilful Linguiſt;
And yet with *Canting*, *Slight*, and *Cheat*,
'Twill ſerve their turn to do the Feat:
Make *Fools* believe in their foreſeeing
Of things before they are in Being;
To ſwallow *Gudgeons* e'er th' are catch'd,
And count their *Chickens*, e'er th' hatch'd;
Make them the *Conſtellations* prompt,
And give 'em back their own Accompt;

But ſtill the beſt to him that gives
The beſt Price for't, or beſt believes.
Some *Towns* and *Cities*, ſome for Brevity,
Have caſt the 'verſal World's *Nativity*;
And made the Infant-Stars confeſs,
Like Fools or Children, what they pleaſe:
Some calculate the hidden Fates
Of *Monkeys*, *Puppy-Dogs*, and *Cats*;
Some *Running-Nags*, and *Fighting Cocks*,
Some *Love*, *Trade*, *Law-Suits*, and the *Pox*;
Some take a Meaſure of the Lives
Of Fathers, Mothers, Husbands, Wives;
Make *Oppoſition*, *Trine*, and *Quartile*,
Tell who is Barren, and who Fertile;
As if the *Planet*'s firſt Aſpect
The tender Infant did infect
In *Soul* and *Body*, and inſtill
All future Good, and future Ill:
Which in their dark Fatal'ties lurking,
At deſtin'd Periods fall a working;
And break, out like the hidden Seeds
Of long Diſeaſes, into Deeds,

In

In Friendſhips, Enmities, and Strife,
And all th' Emergencies of Life:
No ſooner does he peep into
The *World*, but he has done his doe,
Catch'd all Diſeaſes, took all *Phyſick*
That cures or kills a Man that is ſick;
Marry'd his punctual Doſe of Wives,
Is Cuckolded, and breaks, or thrives.
There's but the twinkling of a *Star*
Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*;
A *Thief* and *Juſtice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,
A huffing *Officer* and a *Slave*.
A crafty *Lawyer* and *Pick-pocket*,
A great *Philoſopher* and a *Block-head*;
A formal *Preacher* and a *Player*,
A Learn'd *Phyſician* and *Manſlayer*.
As if Men from the Stars did ſuck
Old-Age, *Diſeaſes*, and *Ill-luck*,
Wit, *Folly*, *Honour*, *Virtue*, *Vice*,
Trade, *Travel*, *Women*, *Claps*, and *Dice*;
And draw with the firſt Air they breath
Battel and *Murther*, *ſudden Death*.

Are not theſe fine Commodities,
To be imported from the Skies,
And vended here among the Rabble,
For Staple Goods, and warrantable;
Like Money by the *Druids* borrow'd,
In t'other *World* to be reſtor'd?

Quoth *Sidrophel*, To let you know
You wrong the *Art*, and *Artiſts* too,
Since Arguments are loſt on thoſe
That do our *Principles* oppoſe;
I will (although I've don't before)
Demonſtrate to your Senſe once more,
And draw a *Figure* that ſhall tell you,
What you perhaps forget, befel you,
By way of *Horary* inſpection,
Which ſome account our worſt Erection;
With that he *Circles* draws, and *Squares*,
With *Cyphers*, *Aſtral Characters*;
Then looks 'em o'er to underſtand 'em,
Although ſet down *Hab-nab*, at random.

Quoth he, This *Scheme* o' th' Heavens ſet,
Diſcovers how in fight you met

At *Kingſton* with a *May-Pole-Idol*, (well;
And that y' were bang'd both Back and Side
And though you overcame the *Bear*,
The *Dogs* beat you at *Brentford* Fair;
Where ſturdy *Butchers* broke your Noddle,
And handled you like a *Fop-doodle*.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I now perceive
You are no *Conj'rer*, by your leave;
That *Palt'ry Story* is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch *Gulls* as you.

Not true, Quoth he? how e'er you vapour,
I can what I affirm, make appear;
Whachum ſhall juſtifie 't t' your Face,
And prove he was upon the place:
He play'd the *Saltinbancho's* Part,
Transform'd t' a *Frenchman* by my *Art*;
He ſtole your Cloak, and pick'd your Pocket,
Chows'd and Caldes'd ye like a Blockhead,
And what you loſt I can produce,
If you deny it, here i'th' Houſe.

Quoth *Hudibras*, I do believe
That Argument's *Demonſtrative*;
Ralpho, bear witneſs, and go fetch us
A *Conſtable* to ſeize the Wretches;
For tho' th' are both falſe *Knaves* and *Cheats*,
Impoſtors, *Juglers*, *Counterfeits*,
I'll make them ſerve for Perpendic'lars,
As true as e'er were us'd by *Bricklayers*;
They're guilty by their own Confeſſions,
Of *Felony*, and at the *Seſſions*
Upon the Bench I will ſo handle 'em,
That the *Vibration* of this *Pendulum*,
Shall make all *Taylors* Yards of one
Unanimous Opinion:
A thing he long has vapour'd of,
But now ſhall make it out by Proof.
Quoth *Sidrophel*, I do not doubt
To find Friends that will bear me out:
Nor have I hazarded my *Art*,
And Neck, ſo long on the *State's* Part.
To be expos'd i' th' End to ſuffer,
By ſuch a *Braggadocio* Huffer.

Huffer!

Huffer! quoth *Hudibras*, This *Sword*
Shall down thy falſe Throat cram that Word;
Ralpho, make haſt, and call an Officer,
To apprehend this *Stygian* Sophiſter;
Mean while I'll hold 'em at a *Bay*,
Leſt he and *Whachum* run away.
But *Sidrophel*, who from th' *Aſpect*
Of *Hudibras* did now erect
A *Figure* worſe portending far,
Than that of moſt malignant Star,
Believ'd it now the fitteſt Moment
To ſhun the Danger that might come on't,
While *Hudibras* was all alone,
And he and *Whachum*, two to one;
This b'ing reſolv'd, He ſpy'd by chance
Behind the Door an Iron Lance,
That many a ſturdy Limb had gor'd,
And Legs, and Loins, and Shoulders bor'd;
He ſnatch'd it up, and made a Paſs,
To make his way through *Hudibras*;
Whachum had got a Fire-Fork,
With which he vow'd to do his Work;

But *Hudibras* was well prepar'd,
And ſtoutly ſtood upon his Guard:
He put by *Sidrophelo*'s Thruſt,
And in right manfully he ruſht;
The Weapon from his Gripe he wrung,
And laid him on the Earth along.
Whachum, his Sea-coal-Prong threw by,
And baſely turn'd his Back to flie;
But *Hudibras* gave him a Twitch
As quick as Lightning, in the Breech,
Juſt in the place where *Honour*'s Lodg'd,
As wiſe *Philoſophers* hav'd judg'd;
Becauſe a Kick in that Part, more
Hurts *Honour*, than deep Wounds before.

Quoth *Hudibras*, the Stars determine
You are my Priſoners; baſe Vermine.
Could they not tell you ſo, as well;
As what I came to know foretel?
By this what Cheats you are we find,
That in your own Concerns are blind;
Your Lives are now at my Diſpoſe,
To be redeem'd by Fine, or Blows;

But

But who his Honour would defile,
To take, or ſell, two Lives ſo vile?
I'll give you *Quarter*; but your *Pillage*
The Conqu'ring Warrior's *Crop* and *Tillage*,
Which with his Sword he reaps and plows;
That's mine, the *Law of Arms* allows.
This ſaid in haſte, in haſte he fell
To rummaging of *Sidrophel*;
Firſt, He expounded both his Pockets,
And found a *Watch*, with *Rings*, and *Lockets*,
Which had been left with him t' erect
A *Figure* for, and ſo detect;
A *Copper-Plate*, with *Almanacks*
Engrav'd upon't, with other Knacks,
Of *Booker*'s, *Lilly*'s, *Sarah Jimmers*,
And *Blank-Schemes*, to diſcover *Nimmers*;
A *Moon Dial*, with *Napier*'s Bones,
And ſeveral *Conſtellation*-ſtones,
Engrav'd in *Planetary Hours*,
That over *Mortals* had ſtrange Powers,
To make 'em thrive in *Law* or *Trade*;
And Stab or Poyſon to evade;

In *Wit* or *Wisdom* to improve,
And be victorious in *Love.*
Whachum had neither *Cross* nor *Pile*,
His *Plunder* was not worth the while:
All which the *Conq'ror* did discompt,
To pay for curing of his Rump.
But *Sidrophel*, as full of Tricks
As *Rota-men* of Politicks,
Streight cast about to over-reach
Th' unwary Conq'ror with a Fetch,
And make him glad (at least) to quit
His *Victory*, and flie the *Pit*,
Before the *Secular Prince of Darkness*
Arriv'd to seize upon his Carcass:
And, as a *Fox* with hot Pursuit
Chac'd through a *Warren*, cast about
To save his Credit, and among
Dead *Vermin* on a *Gallows* hung:
And while the *Dogs* ran underneath,
Escap'd (by conunterfeiting Death)
Not out of Cunning, but a *Train*
Of *Atoms* justling in his Brain,

As

As learn'd *Philoſophers* give out:
So *Sidrophelo* caſt about,
And fell to's wonted *Trade* again,
To feign himſelf in earneſt, ſlain:
Firſt ſtretch'd out one Leg, then another,
And ſeeming in his Breaſt to ſmother,
A broken Sigh; Quoth he, where am I,
Alive, or Dead; Or which way came I
Through ſo immenſe a Space ſo ſoon?
But now I thought my ſelf i' th' *Moon*;
And that a *Monſter*, with huge *Wiskers*,
More formidable than a *Switzer*'s
My Body through and through had drill'd,
And *Whachum* by my Side had kill'd,
Had croſs-examin'd both our Hoſe,
And plunder'd all we had to loſe;
Look, there he is, I ſee him now,
And feel the Place I am run through:
And there lies *Whachum* by my Side,
Stone-dead, and in his own Blood dy'd;

Oh!

Oh! Oh! With that he fetch'd a *Groan*,
And fell again into a Swoon,
Shut both his Eyes, and ſtopp'd his Breath,
And to the *Life* out-acted *Death*;
That *Hudibras*, to all appearing,
Believ'd him to be dead as *Herring*.
He held it now no longer ſafe,
To tarry the Return of *Ralph*,
But rather leave him in the *Lurch*;
Thought he, he has abus'd our *Church*,
Refus'd to give himſelf one Firk,
To carry on the *Publick Work*;
Deſpis'd our *Synod-men* like Dirt,
And made their *Diſcipline* his Sport;
Divulg'd the Secrets of their *Claſſes*,
And their *Conventions*, prov'd *high Places*;
Diſparag'd their *Tythe-Pigs*, as *Pagan*,
And ſet at nought their *Cheeſe* and *Bacon*;
Rail'd at their *Covenant* and jear'd
Their Reveren'd Parſons, to my *Beard*;

For all which *Scandals* to be quit
At once, this *Juncture* falls out fit.
I'll make him henceforth to beware,
And tempt my Fury, if he dare:
He muſt (at leaſt) hold up his hand,
By twelve *Free-holders* to be ſcann'd,
Who by their skill in *Palmeſtry*
Will quickly read his *Deſtiny*;
And make him glad to read his *Leſſon*,
Or take a turn for't at the *Seſſion*:
Unleſs his *Light* and *Gifts* prove truer
Than ever yet they did, I'm ſure;
For if he 'ſcape with whipping now,
'Tis more than he can hope to do;
And that will diſengage my *Conſcience*
O' th' *Obligation*, in his own Senſe:
I'll make him now by force abide
What he by gentle Means deny'd,
To give my *Honour* Satisfaction,
And right the *Brethren* in the *Action*.

This

This b'ing resolv'd, with equal speed
And *Conduct*, he approach'd his *Steed*,
And with *Activity* unwont
Assay'd the lofty *Beast* to mount;
Which once atchiev'd, he spurr'd his *Palfry*,
To get from th' *Enemy*, and *Ralph*, free:
Left Danger, Fears, and Foes behind,
And beat, at least three lengths, the Wind.

AN

AN *Heroical EPISTLE* OF HUDIBRAS TO SIDROPHEL.

Ecce iterum Criſpinus———

WELL, *Sidrophel!* tho' 'tis in vain
To tamper with your crazy Brain,
Without Trepanning of your Scull
As often as the *Moon*'s at *Full*;
'Tis not amiſs, e'er y' are given o'er,
To try one deſp'rate Med'cine more;
For where your Caſe can be no worſe,
The deſp'rat'ſt is the wiſeſt courſe.
Is't poſſible that you, whoſe Ears,
Are of the Tribe of *Iſſachar*'s,

And

And might (with equal Reaſon) either
For Merit, or Extent of Leather,
With *VVilliam Pryn*'s, before they were
Retrench'd, and crucify'd, Compare,
Should yet be deaf againſt a Noiſe
So roaring as the Publick Voice?
That ſpeaks your Virtues free and loud,
And openly in ev'ry Crowd,
As loud as one that ſings his Part
T' a Wheel-barrow, or Turnip-Cart ——
Or your new Nicknam'd old Invention
To cry Green-Haſtings with an Engine;
(As if the vehemence had ſtunn'd,
And torn your Drum-heads with the Sound)
And 'cauſe your Folly's now no News
But over-grown, and out of Uſe,
Perſwade your ſelf there's no ſuch Matter,
But that 'tis vaniſh'd out of Nature;
When Folly, as it grows in Years
The more extravagant appears:
For who but you could be poſſeſt
With ſo much Ignorance, and Beaſt,

That

That neither all Men's Scorn, and Hate,
Nor being laugh'd and pointed at,
Nor bray'd ſo often in a Mortar,
Can teach you wholſom Sence and Nurture;
But (like a Reprobate) what courſe
Soever's us'd, grow worſe and worſe?
Can no Tranſfuſion of the Blood,
That makes Fools Cattel, do you good;
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to Nurſe
To turn 'em in to Mungrel-Curs,
Put you into a way, at leaſt,
To make your ſelf a better Beaſt?
Can all your critical Intrigues
Of trying ſound from rotten Eggs,
Your ſeveral new-found Remedies
Of curing Wounds, and Scabs in Trees;
Your Arts of *Fluxing* them for *Claps*,
And purging their infected *Saps*;
Recov'ring Shankers, Cryſtallines,
And Nodes and Botches in their Rinds,
Have no effect to operate
Upon that duller Block, your Pate?

But ſtill it muſt be lewdly bent
To tempt your own due Puniſhment;
And, like your whimſi'd Chariots, draw
The Boys to courſe you without Law;
As if the Art you have ſo long
Profeſt, of making old *Dogs* young,
In you, had Virtue to renew
Not only Youth, but Childhood too.
Can you, that underſtand all Books,
By judging only with your Looks,
Reſolve all Problems with your Face
As others do with *B's* and *A's*,
Unriddle all that Mankinds knows
With ſolid bending of your Brows;
All Arts and Sciences advance,
With ſcrewing of your Countenance;
And with a penetrating Eye,
Into th' abſtruſeſt Learning pry:
Know more of any Trade b' a Hint,
Than thoſe that have been bred up in't;
And yet have no Art, true or falſe,
To help your own bad Naturals?

But

But ſtill the more you ſtrive t' appear,
Are found to be the wretcheder;
For Fools are known by looking Wiſe,
As Men find Woodcocks by their Eyes.
Hence 'tis that 'cauſe y' 'ave gain'd o'th *College*,
A Quarter-ſhare (at moſt) of Knowledge,
And brought in none, but ſpent Repute,
Y' aſſume a Pow'r as Abſolute
To Judge and Cenſure, and Controll,
As if you were the ſole Sir *Poll*;
And ſaucily pretend to know
More than your Dividend comes to;
You'll find the thing will not be done
With Ignorance, and Face alone:
No, though y' have purchas'd to your Name
In Hiſtory ſo great a Fame,
That now your Talent's ſo well known,
For having all Belief out-grown;
That ev'ry ſtrange Prodigious Tale
Is meaſur'd by your *German* Scale ——
By which the *Virtuoſi* try
The Magnitude of ev'ry Lye,

Caſt up to what it does amount,
And place the big'ſt to your Account.
That all thoſe Stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and thoſe made,
Are now ſtill charg'd upon the ſcore,
And leſſer Authors nam'd no more.
Alas! that Faculty deſtroys
Thoſe ſooneſt it deſigns to raiſe;
And all your vain Renown will ſpoil
As Guns o'er-charg'd the more recoil;
Though he that has but Impudence,
To all things has a fair Pretence;
And put among his wants but ſhame,
To all the World may lay his claim:
Though you have try'd that nothing's born
With greater eaſe than Publick Scorn;
That all Affronts do ſtill give Place
To your impenetrable Face;
That makes your way through all Affairs,
As Pigs through Hedges creep with theirs.
Yet as 'tis Counterfeit, and Braſs,
You muſt not think 'twill always paſs;

For

For all Impoſtors, when they're known,
Are paſt their labour, and undone.
And all the beſt that can befal
An Artificial Natural,
Is that which Mad-men find, as ſoon
As once th' are broke looſe from the Moon,
And proof againſt her Influence,
Relapſe to e'er ſo little Senſe,
To turn ſtark Fools, and Subjects fit
For Sport of Boys, and Rabble-wit.

Annotations
TO THE
SECOND PART.

But now t' obſerve, &c.

THE beginning of this Second Part may perhaps ſeem ſtrange and abrupt to thoſe who do not know, that it was written on purpoſe in imitation of *Virgil*, who begins the IV Book of his *Æneids* in the very ſame manner, *At Regina gravi*, &c. And this is enough to ſatisfie the Curioſity of thoſe who believe, that Invention and Fancy ought to be meaſur'd (like Caſes in Law) by Precedents, or elſe they are in the Power of the Critick.

A Saxon *Duke did grow ſo fat.*

This Hiſtory of the Duke of *Saxony*, is not altogether ſo ſtrange as that of a Biſhop, his Country-man, who was quite eaten up with Rats and Mice.

King Pyrrhus *cur'd his Splenetick,*
And lefty Courtiers with a Kick.

Pyrrhus King of *Epirus*, as *Pliny* ſays, had this occult Quality in his Toe, *Pollicis in dextro Pede tactu Lienoſis medebatur.* L. 7. C. 11.

In cloſe Cataſta ſhut, &c.

Cataſta is but a pair of Stocks in *Engliſh*. But Heroical Poetry muſt not admit of any vulgar word (eſpecially of paltry ſignification) and therefore ſome of our Modern Authors are fain to import Foreign Words from abroad, that were never before heard of in our Language.

'Twas he that made St. Francis *do*, &c.

The ancient Writers of the Lives of Saints, were of the ſame ſort of People, who firſt writ of Knight-Errantry; and as in the one they rendred the brave Actions of ſome very great Perſons ridiculous, by their prodigious Lies, and ſottiſh way of deſcribing them: ſo they have abus'd the Piety of ſome very devout Perſons, by impoſing ſuch Stories upon them, as this upon St. *Francis*.

This

This made the beauteous Queen of Crete.

The Hiſtory of *Paſiphae* is common enough; only this may be obſerv'd, That though ſhe brought the Bull a Son and Heir; yet the Husband was fain to Father it, as appears by the Name, perhaps becauſe the Country being an Iſland, he was within the four Seas when the Infant was begotten.

As your own Secretary Albertus.

Albertus Magnus was a *Swediſh* Biſhop, who wrote a very Learned Work, *De Secretis Mulierum.*

Unleſs it be to ſquint and laugh.

Pliny in his *Natural Hiſtory* affirms, that *Uni animalium homini oculi depravantur, unde Cognomina Strabonum & Pætorum.* Lib. 2.

As Friar Bacon's *Noddle was.*

The Tradition of Friar *Bacon* and the Brazen-Head, is very commonly known; and conſidering the times he liv'd in, is not much more ſtrange than what another great Philoſopher of his Name, has ſince deliver'd up of a Ring, that being ty'd in a String, and held like a Pendulum in the middle of a Sil-

ver

ver Bowl, will vibrate of it ſelf, and tell exactly againſt the ſides of the divining Cup, the ſame thing with, *Time is, Time was, &c.*

Or like ſome Indian *Sculls, ſo tough,*
That Authors ſay th' are Muſquet proof.

American Indians, among whom (the ſame Authors affirm) that there are others, whoſe Sculls are ſo ſoft, to uſe their own words, *Ut Digito perforari poſſint.*

Or Oracle from Heart of Oak.

Jupiter's Oracle in *Epirus*, near the City of *Dodona, Ubi Nemus erat Jovi ſacrum, Querneum totum, in quo Jovis Dodonæi Templum fuiſſe narratur.*

Semiramis of Babylon.

Semiramis, Queen of *Aſſyria*, is ſaid to be the firſt that invented *Eunuchs. Semiramis teneros mares caſtravit omnium prima.* Am. Marcel. L. 14. p. 22. Which is ſomething ſtrange in a Lady of her Conſtitution, who is ſaid to have receiv'd Horſes into her Embraces (as another Queen did a Bull;) but that perhaps may be the reaſon why ſhe after thought Men not worth the while.

For

For ſome Philoſophers *of late here.*

S. *K. D.* in his Book of *Bodies*; who has this Story of the *German-Boy*, which he endeavours to make good, by ſeveral Natural Reaſons; By which thoſe who have the Dexterity to believe what they pleaſe, may be fully ſatisfied of the probability of it.

A Perſian *Emp'ror whip'd his Grandum.*

Xerxes, who us'd to whip the Seas and Wind. *In Corum, atque Eurum ſolitus ſevire Flagellis.* Juven. Sat. 10.

So th' ancient Stoicks in the Porch.

In Porticu (Stoicorum Scholâ Athenis) Diſcipulorum ſeditionibus, mille Quadringenti triginta Cives interfecti ſunt. Diog. Laert. *in vita Zenonis.* p. 383. Thoſe old *Virtuoſo's* were better Proficients in thoſe Exerciſes, than Modern, who ſeldom improve higher than Cuffing and Kicking.

That Bonum *is an Animal.*

Bonum is ſuch a kind of Animal, as our Modern *Virtuoſi* from Don *Quixot*, will have Windmills under Sail to be. The ſame Authors are of Opinion, That all Ships are

Fiſhes

Fiſhes while they are afloat, but when they are run on ground, or laid up in the Dock, become Ships again.

——— *In a Town*
There liv'd a Cobler, and but one.

The Hiſtory of the Cobler has been atteſted by Perſons of good Credit, who were upon the place when it was done.

Have been exchang'd for Tubs of Ale.

The Knight was kept Priſoner in *Exeter*, and after ſeveral Exchanges propos'd, but none accepted of, was at laſt releas'd for a Barrel of Ale, as he often us'd upon all occaſions to declare.

Bore a Slave with him in his Chariot.

——— *Et ſibi Conſul,*
Ne placeat, curru ſervus portatur eodem.
Juven. Sat. 10.

Hung out their Mantles Della-Guerre.

Tunica Coccinea ſolebat pridie quam dimicandum eſſet, ſupra Prætorium poni, quaſi admonitio, & indicium futuræ pugnæ. Lipſius in Tacit. p. 56.

Next Links and Torches, &c.

That the *Roman* Emperors were wont to have Torches born before them (by day) in publick, appears by *Herodian* in *Pertinace*. Lip. in *Tacit.* p. 16.

Veſpaſian *being daub'd with Dirt.*

C. Cæſar *ſuccenſens, propter curam verrendis viis non adhibitam, Luto juſſit oppleri, congeſto per milites in prætextæ ſinum*, Sueton. in Veſpaſ. C. 5.

Has not this preſent Parliament
A Ledger *to the Devil ſent?*

The Witch-finder in *Suffolk*, who in the Preſbyterian times had a Commiſſion to diſcover Witches, of whom (right or wrong) he caus'd 60 to be hang'd within the compaſs of one Year, and among the reſt, the old Miniſter, who had been a painful Preacher for many Years.

Did he not help the Dutch *to purge*
At Antwerp *their Cathedral Church?*

In the beginning of the Civil Wars of *Flanders*, the common People of *Antwerp* in a tumult broke open the Cathedral Church, to demoliſh

demoliſh Images and Shrines; and did ſo much miſchief in a ſmall time, that *Strada* writes, there were ſeveral Devils ſeen very buſy among them, otherwiſe it had been impoſſible.

Sing Catches to the Saints at Maſcon.

This Devil at *Maſcon* deliver'd all his Oracles, like his Forefathers, in Verſe, which he ſung to Tunes: He made ſeveral Lampoons upon the Hugonots, and foretold them many things which afterwards came to paſs; as may be ſeen in his *Memoirs*, written in *French*.

Appear in divers ſhapes to Kelly,
And ſpeak i' th' Nun at Loudon's *Belly.*

The Hiſtory of Dr. *Dee* and the Devil, publiſh'd by *Mer. Cauſabon, Iſac. Fil.* Prebendary of *Canterbury*, has a large account of all thoſe Paſſages; in which the Style of the true and falſe Angels appears to be penn'd by one and the ſame Perſon. The Nun of *Loudon* in *France* and all her Tricks, have been ſeen by many Perſons of Quality of this Nation yet living, who have made very good Obſervations upon the *French* Book, written upon that occaſion.

Meet

Meet with the Parliaments Committee
At Woodſtock *on a Perſonal Treaty:*

A Committe of the long Parliament ſitting in the King's Houſe in *Woodſtock-Park*, were terrify'd with ſeveral Apparitions, the particulars whereof were then the News of the whole Nation.

At Sarum *took a Cavalier.*

Withers has a long ſtory in Doggerel, of a Soldier of the King's Army, who being a Priſoner at *Salisbury*, and drinking a health to the Devil upon his Knees, was carried away by him through a ſingle Pane of Glaſs.

Since old Hodg Bacon.

Roger Bacon, common call'd *Friar Bacon*, liv'd in the Reign of our *Edward* the I. and for ſome little skill he had in the *Mathematicks*, was by the Rabble accounted a Conjurer, and had the ſottiſh ſtory of the *Brazen Head* father'd upon him, by the Ignorant Monks of thoſe days. *Robert Groſthead* was Biſhop of *Lincoln* in the Reign of *Hen.* III. He was a Learned Man for thoſe times, and for that reaſon ſuſpected by the Clergy to be a Conjurer, for which Crime being degraded by Pope

Pope *Innocent* the IV. and ſummon'd to appear at *Rome*, he appeal'd to the Tribunal of Chriſt; which our Lawyers ſay is illegal, if not a *Præmunire*, for offering to ſue in a Foreign Court.

Which Socrates, *and* Chærephon
In vain aſſay'd ſo long agone.

Ariſtophanes in his Comedy of the Clouds, brings in *Socrates* and *Chærephon*, meaſuring the leap of a Flea, from the one's Beard to the other's.

Was rais'd by him, found out by Fisk.

This *Fisk* was a late famous Aſtrologer, who flouriſh'd about the time of *Subtile*, and *Face*, and was equally celebrated by *Ben. Johnſon.*

Unleſs it be that Cannon-Ball.

This Experiment was try'd by ſome Foreign *Virtuoſo's*, who planted a Piece of Ordnance point-blank againſt the *Zenith*, and having fir'd it, the Bullet never rebounded back again; which made them all conclude that it ſticks in the mark; but *Des Cartes* was of opinion, that it does but hang in the Air.

As

As lately was reveal'd to Sedgwyck.

This *Sedgwyck* had many Perſons (and ſome of Quality) that believ'd in him, and prepar'd to keep the Day of Judgment with him, but were diſappointed; for which the falſe Prophet was afterwards call'd by the Name of *Doomeſday Sedgwyck.*

Your Modern Indian Magician,
Makes but a hole i' th' Earth to piſs in.

This compendious new way of Magick is affirm'd by Monſieur *Le Blanc* (in his Travels) to be us'd in the *Eaſt-Indies.*

Bumbaſtus *kept a Devil's Bird,* &c.

Paracelſus is ſaid to have kept a ſmall Devil Priſoner in the Pummel of his Sword, which was the reaſon, perhaps, why he was ſo valiant in his Drink; Howſoever it was to better purpoſe than *Annibal* carry'd Poyſon in his, to diſpatch himſelf, if he ſhould happen to be ſurpriz'd in any great extremity; for the Sword would have done the Feat alone, much better, and more Soldier-like. And it was below the Honour of ſo great a Commander, to go out of the World like a Rat.

Agrippa *kept a Stygian* Pug.

Cornelius Agrippa had a Dog that was ſuſpected to be a Spirit, for ſome Tricks he was wont to do, beyond the Capacity of a Dog, as it was thought; but the Author of *Magia Adamica* has taken a great deal of pains to vindicate both the Doctor and the Dog from that Aſperſion; in which he has ſhewn a very great Reſpect and Kindneſs for them both.

As Averrhois *play'd but a mean trick.*

Averrhois *Aſtronomiam propter Excentricos contempſit.* Phil. Melancton in Elem. Phyſ. p. 781.

The Median *Emp'ror dreamt his Daughter.*

Aſtyages, King of *Media*, had this Dream of his Daughter *Mandane*, and the Interpretation from the *Magi*; wherefore he Married her to a *Perſian* of a mean Quality, by whom ſhe had *Cyrus*, who Conquer'd all *Aſia*, and tranſlated the Empire from the *Medes* to the *Perſians*, Herodot. *l.* 2.

When

When Cæſar *in the Senate fell.*

Fiunt aliquando prodigioſi, & longiores Solis Defectus, quales occiſo Cæſare Dictatore & Antoniano Bello, totius Anni Pallore continuo. Plin.

Auguſtus *having b' Overſight*, &c.

Divus Auguſtus Lævum ſibi prodidit calceum præpoſtere indutum, quo die ſeditione Militum propè afflictus eſt. Idem. *l.* 2.

The Roman Senate *when within The City Walls, an Owl was ſeen.*

Romani L. Craſſo & C. Mario Coſſ. Bubone viſo orbem luſtrabant.

For Anaxagoras *long agone,*
Saw Hills as well ag you i' th' Moon.

Anaxagoras *affirmabat Solem candens Ferrum eſſe, & Peloponneſo majorem: Lunam Habitacula in ſe Habere, & Colles, & Valles. Fertur dixiſſe Cœlum omne ex Lapidibus eſſe compoſitum; Damnatus & in exilium pulſus eſt, quod impiè Solem candentem laminam eſſe dixiſſet.* Diogen. Laert. in Anaxag. p. 111. 13.

Th' Ægyptians ſay, the Sun has twice
Shifted his Setting and his Riſe.

Ægyptii Decem millia Annorum & amplius recenſent; & obſervatum eſt in hoc tanto Spatio, bis mutata eſſe Loca Ortuum & Occaſuum Solis, ita ut Sol bis ortus ſit ubi nunc occidit, & bis deſcenderit ubi nunc oritur. Phil. Melanct. Lib. 1. p. 60.

Some hold the Heavens like a Top,
Are kept by Circulation up.

Cauſa quare Cœlum non cadit, (ſecundum Empedoclem) eſt velocitas ſui motûs. Comment. in L. 2. Ariſtot. de Cœlo.

Plato *believ'd the Sun and Moon*
Below all other Planets run.

Plato Solem & Lunam cæteris Planetis inferiores eſſe putavit. G. Cunnin. *in* Coſmogr. L. 1. p. 11.

The Learned Scaliger *complain'd.*

Copernicus in Libris Revolutionum, deinde Reinholdus, poſt etiam Stadius Mathematici nobiles perſpicuis Demonſtrationibus docuerunt, ſolis Abſida Terris eſſe propriorem, quam Ptolomæi ætate duodecim partibus, i. e. *uno & triginta*

triginta terræ ſemidiametris, Jo. Bod. Met. Hiſt. p. 455.

Cardan *believ'd great States depend*, &c.

Putat Cardanus, ab extrema Cauda, Helices ſeu Majoris Urſæ omne magnum Imperium pendere. Idem. p. 325.

That th' old Chaldean *Conjurers*
In ſo many Hundred Thouſand Years.

Chaldei jactant ſe quadringinta ſeptuaginta Annorum millia in periclitandis, experiundiſque Puerorum Animis poſuiſſe. Cicero.

Like Money by the Druids *borrow'd*, &c.

Druidæ pecuniam mutuò accipiebant in poſteriore vita reddituri. Patricius Tom. 2. p. 9.

That paltry Story is untrue,
And forg'd to cheat ſuch Gulls as you.

There was a notorious Idiot (that is here deſcrib'd by the Name and Character of *Whachum*) who counterfeited a Second Part of *Hudibras*, as untowardly as Captain *Po*, who could not write himſelf, and yet made a ſhift to ſtand on the Pillory, for Forging other Mens hands, as his Fellow *Whachum* no doubt deſerv'd; in whoſe abominable Doggerel,

Doggerel, this Story of *Hudibras* and a *French* Mountebank at *Brentford* Fair, is as properly deſcrib'd.

That the Vibration of this Pendulum Shall make all Taylors Yards of one Unanimous Opinion.

The Device of the Vibration of a *Pendulum*, was intended to ſettle a certain Meaſure of Ells and Yards, *&c.* (that ſhould have its Foundation in Nature) all the World over: For by ſwinging a Weight at the End of a String, and calculating (by the Motion of the Sun, or any Star) how long the Vibration would laſt, in proportion to the Length of the String, and Weight of the *Pendulum*; they thought to reduce it back again, and from any part of Time, compute the exact Length of any String that muſt neceſſarily vibrate in ſo much ſpace of Time: So that if a Man ſhould ask in *China* for a Quarter of an Hour of *Sattin* or *Taffata*, they would know perfectly what it meant. And all Mankind learn a new way, to meaſure things no more by the Yard, Foot, or Inch, but by the Hour Quarter, and Minute.

Before the Secular Priest of Darkness.

As the Devil is the Spiritual Prince of Darkness, so is the Constable the Secular; who governs in the Night with as great Authority as his Collegue, but far more imperiously.

FINIS.

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